

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1268.
Vol. XLVIII.



No free kicks or penalties!

And I'm not talking football.
I'm talking tobacco, fellows.

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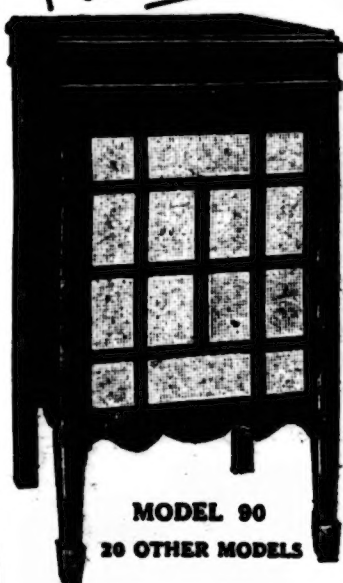
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appear on **PAGE 14**

*"Ah! this
does not
affect my
throat!"*



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For the People—

—the Right to Justice and Truth

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

THE world's "Big Four" in banking will soon converge for conversations in New York. Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England; Dr. Hans Luther, head of Germany's Reichsbank; and M. Clément, newly appointed Governor of the Bank of France, are all visiting Mr. G. L. Harrison, President of the Federal Reserve Bank—which dominates the monetary policy of the United States.

These four men are prepared to tackle the world trade slump with a desperate remedy—Inflation. They are planning to place more money in circulation all over the world, so that money will be worth less and prices will rise.

Will cost you more

This step is dictated by the straits of industry in every country. Employers dare not cut wages—though they would like to do so. Inflation of the currency will cut wages for them automatically. Each workman will receive the same nominal wages as at present; but since these will be paid with inflated currency, they will be worth less, their purchasing power will be diminished. For inflation will raise prices, and while hitting the consumer, will save the manufacturers and merchants who are all but ruined by the present low level of commodity prices. A banker-run world is a jolly place!

Have you noticed it?

Suspicion that a strong group of employers is deliberately trying to force down wages finds some confirmation in certain big daily newspapers. Figures can be made to say almost anything. The present line of attack is not at all subtle. The public are told that the sovereign will buy 6s. worth more of goods to-day than in 1929, and it is suggested this is a great boon to struggling families. Nobody seems to have noticed it. In any case, it only refers to groceries. What about such little matters as rent, coal, bread, taxes and rates?

Pep

Between January and June of this year workers employed by the General Electric Company of America made 17,474 "better-way" suggestions. As a result, 5,616 were adopted, and £11,400 paid for them. There's efficiency. There's up-to-the-minute methods. Over here in the Old Country employers keep their workers "in their place" and their money in their pockets. Just another reason why other countries keep the workers.

Penny post haste

When the House reassembles a determined bid will be made for the speedy reintroduction of the penny post. Mr. Lees Smith, the Postmaster-General, announces with complacency a contemplated profit on the Post Office of 91 millions sterling. If Mr. Snowden decides to appropriate the whole of this next spring there will be an outcry among the trading community.

The Big Bank Wage-Balloon Knocking on the P.O. Door Tiddly Hilters!

Every department of the Post Office, with the exception of the telegrams, is showing a profit at the present time, and, even with the penny post in existence again, it would still have a surplus.

"May I?" M.P.s

Efforts will be made at next week's Labour Party Conference to impose more tiresome restrictions on Labour representatives in Parliament.

Court dress, titles and decorations, joint platforms, promotion to the House of Lords are a few of the bans boosted by the "Thou shalt not" group.

These will get short shrift, but a proposal that Members shall not hold any salaried post other than their membership may provoke a lively discussion.

Members will defend themselves by indicating the insecurity of Parliamentary tenure. Must good positions be sacrificed for what might prove only a brief life in the House with unemployment the sequel?

Will Ramsay do it?

It is now apparent that a new Viceroy of India will have to be found in the spring, since Lord Irwin rejects any extension of his term of office.

And it will be intriguing to see whether Mr. MacDonald is sufficiently daring and self-reliant to depart from the vicious old precedent whereby the appointment is given to some supporter of the Government in office irrespective of his qualifications for the job. Many names are already being put forward, but no official choice will be made until the Prime Minister has consulted the Indian representatives to the Round Table Conference.

It will be a damning indictment of modern politics if the job is not given to one in whom both countries and all parties can have common confidence.

It was the duty of JOHN BULL to expose the terrible conditions under which Mrs. Fearn kept her high school at Bickley, Kent, and as a direct result of that she will now take her punishment of a year in jail.

Mrs. Fearn—and others

It was the duty of JOHN BULL to expose the terrible conditions under which Mrs. Fearn kept her high school at Bickley, Kent, and as a direct result of that she will now take her punishment of a year in jail.

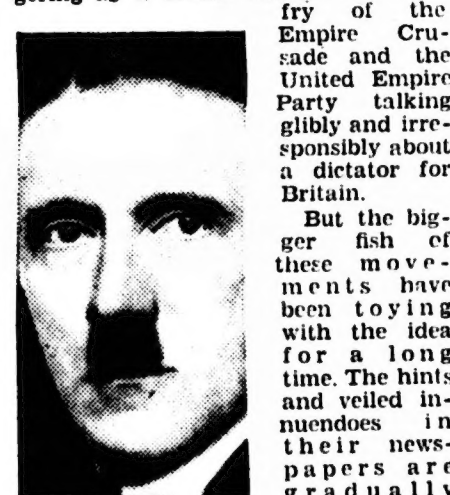
This is the painful kind of public service which we are frequently called upon to do, but if it ends at a mere court sentence our purpose is not fully served.

No more unscrupulous people must be given the care of little children.

There are abuses of a similar kind in many schools of the same sort: it is a national question. We point to the remedy in our leading article on page 19

This year, next year—

The success of Hitler's Fascists at the German polls (not so world-staggering as it seems) has set the small fry of the Empire Crusade and the United Empire Party talking glibly and irresponsibly about a dictator for Britain.



Not so world-staggering

We can only say that if they set up any of the Empire Party we've seen as dictator we'll send our auntie down to push him off his perch.

Winning waterways

Far-reaching canal and inland waterway developments are on foot.

Considerable numbers of large oil-tanker barges are being constructed for the purpose of carrying much of the motor spirit now transported in bulk by road and rail. Experiments with such craft have been highly successful.

In addition to proving a paying proposition to the oil companies, they can be run on a basis that means better wages and conditions for the boatmen.

It still goes on

A report on slavery just issued by the League of Nations confirms our contention that the British Empire is still not immune from the evil.

Mr. H. J. Mitchell, O.B.E., of the Burma Frontier Service, declares that slaves are still kept in the Naga Hills district, not for labour purposes, but, worse still, as victims for human sacrifice.

Patrolling the frontier last year, Mr. Mitchell set free over fifty of the poor wretches, paying compensation, while a further batch has been liberated within recent months.

This work must be rigorously extended if Britain is to hold her head high among the civilised nations.

Cleaned up

Whitehall has taken our word for it. The activities among Civil Servants of moneylenders and their touts and officials of certain societies carrying on usury in a disguised form have been knocked on the head.

Copies of our recent article exposing the evil were scanned by the heads of the Ministerial departments concerned, with the result that it is now possible for a Civil Servant to visit a hostel near his office without being pestered.

Nevertheless, the higher officials might take steps to discover why it is that applications for assistance from servants financially embarrassed have been immediately followed by approaches from moneylenders.

Where is the leakage?

How much?

British manufacturers will be pleased to hear that President Hoover has ordered the United States Solicitor-General to conduct a rigorous nationwide investigation into American bankruptcy law and practice.

The President discloses that losses through bankruptcy for the past five years have exceeded £600,000,000 and the average annual loss is now estimated at £150,000,000.

It would be interesting to know how much of this gigantic loss has been shouldered by British traders.

The good soldier

Obituary notices referring to Sir Bryan Mahon have found much that was noteworthy in the earlier years of his career.

But to many his name will be memorable for good work much more recent than the relief of Mafeking.

To Irish ex-Servicemen, in the unfriendly political atmosphere of their native country, he was a staunch and constant friend.

In the teeth of much opposition and official apathy, Bryan Mahon was unremitting in his efforts to secure them a square deal.

His personality and character had so weakened the opposition in recent years that the lot of the ex-Servicemen in Ireland is now at least no worse than it is in England.

Robbing poor Hodge

Trade union leaders are watching with anxious eyes the determined attack now being made on the already miserably inadequate wages of farm labourers. Energetic intervention seems inevitable.

The reduction of 1s. 6d. a week already achieved in one area is based on the lying subterfuge that the farmer on the verge of ruin will be saved by sums which really mean so little to him, but so much to the labourer's wife.

A farmer employing eight men will save about £31 a year, a cut which will suffice only to provide him with a few extra whiskies on market-day.

"IF YOU SEE IT—" Continued

Millions from Mars

There is good reason to believe that the Treasury has received an offer running into seven figures for the freehold site of the old cavalry barracks at Knightsbridge.

The artillery barracks at St. John's Wood will also be on the market shortly, and it is suggested that the former Duke of York's School in King's Road, Chelsea, used by the Territorials, should be sold as well.

At least three millions should accrue to the nation as the result of the disposal of these sites. It may even be more.

And, heavens! can't we do with it?

It's time they did

Children don't count in Doncaster. In the county court there the other day, the possession order for a council house was obtained because the tenant did not cultivate his back garden.

His front garden was gay with flowers, but he kept his back garden under grass to provide a playing-ground for his children.

Funny, isn't it? Tenants of the Doncaster Council must turn their children into the motor-ridden streets, or else get out.

Well, there are two ways of saying "Suffer little children."

Government on trial

Unemployment will produce the big noise at next week's Labour Party Conference at Llandudno.

So many resolutions have been sent in, most of them hinting that the Government has not been bold enough in its policy, that the discussion arrangements will need tactful handling if hopeless confusion is to be averted.

The I. L. P. leaders and the disciples of Sir Oswald Mosley have been lying low during the holidays, but they may be expected to be in fine fettle at the conference.

And there are those who are going to ask very definitely for the truth about those unemployment talks with Mr. Lloyd George.

It looks like being a tough house, if not a rough one.

Holidays on toast

Letters to the tune of nearly a thousand have told us how readers have enjoyed their holidays.

But there's another side to it. Many men, with wives and families, and earning £2 a week or less, have to take a compulsory holiday of one week or a fortnight, and lose their pay for it. And that's terrible.

A man who has done his best for a year deserves his rest for a week, without loss of wages. That's bed-rock humanity.

A man who gets that rest is all the better worker. That's common-sense.

The sweat-bag again

Mr. C. Nesbit, of Westmorland Street, Wallsend-on-Tyne, was appointed first chef in R100, a very romantic job—very.

His pay was £2 18s. 8d. (when insurance was deducted). Out of this he had to pay 2s. a week for lodgings, and with the balance of £1 12s. 8d. keep his wife and family of five children who were still at home.

On his first trip he cooked, single-handed, breakfast and lunch for the sixty people on board.

We have cast-iron proof that Nesbit is a sober, self-respecting, hard-working fellow, and we cannot blame him for turning in the job.

But we do blame those who stopped his unemployment benefit for six weeks as a result.

A very shabby business all round.

Callous indeed

The verdict of a Jarrow jury on the body of William Albert White, a miner, of South Shields, was "Accidental death." That was the end of it.

John Straughan, Rowland Roe, Clifford Lund and John Charles Foster were in the car that killed him. Having found that he was dead, they drove home.

Nothing is to be done then. The jury said their conduct was diabolical. The coroner censured them. But not even Straughan's licence was endorsed.

That won't worry poor White now; but what a game it is!

Arise, a rise!

The Blackburn housewives bake much bread. And so recently the price of a 4 lb. loaf was 6d. in Blackburn, while 11d. in Blackpool and 9d. in London.

If all housewives baked their own bread—at a cost of 4d. per 4 lb. loaf—it would mean a saving of 2s. a week.

Likewise jam. The average family eats 6 lb. a week. And a decently competent housewife who makes her own jam can save another 3s. a week.

As good as a 5s. a week rise in wages. Yet here it is to your hand.

Bank "hold-up"

Youths who, a few years ago, would have stepped complacently out of the form-room into a bank must now be more venturesome and enterprising in the selection of a career.

Official figures prove that the placing of boys from secondary schools in the offices of banks have slumped by 20 per cent. within the last two years. Wonderful new office machines have revolutionised the work.

On the other hand, opportunities for salesmanship are bounding up. Youth, vital and alert, ambitious and well-educated, can help both Britain and itself by snatching them.

What a pair!

Albert George Graffham, of Podington, and Annie Barnes, his housekeeper, were lucky indeed to get off with four months' hard labour apiece.

That was the sentence passed on them at Woburn, Beds., for torture "worthy of the old Spanish Inquisition" inflicted on Graffham's three children.

For two years it has been the practice to stand these poor things with their faces to a blank wall for many hours at a stretch, until they had almost gone mad with terror.

Flogging would have been too good for these callous brutes.

The highways and byways

The Rev. J. Cyril Duckham-Paynter, of 59, Glamorgan Street, London, S.W., is writing round asking young people why they have not joined the Church.

He acknowledges that they may have a good reason for not doing so. And he wants to know why.

You see, he believes that the Church is worth joining, but that the Church may have made mistakes.

And he doesn't mind confessing that he and his fellows have gone wrong, if only he can get the people in.

That's the right spirit, the only spirit. Things might be better with the Church if more of his sort went into the highways and byways.



"Sir Edgar hopes . . ."

Another chance

Britishers abroad are clamouring for the fruits and vegetables of the Old Country, but so far we have only touched the fringe of the canning industry.

Sir Edgar Jones, chairman of the Food Canning Council, is hoping to arouse public interest in the industry by holding an exhibition and convention at Leicester and Lowestoft at the end of the month.

Apart from the demand from abroad, the people at home consume millions of cases of tinned commodities annually. Here's the chance of another little fillip to employment.

We hope it won't all end in talk.

Ripe rot

The other day Mr. J. Gould, of Barton, near Bidford-on-Avon, sent eighteen 12 lb. "chips" of choice Czar plums to Coventry Produce Market.

The returns just to hand show that they were sold for 10d. a "chip," or 15s. the lot. From this was deducted 7s. 11d. commission, leaving Mr. Gould a profit of 7s. 1d., just over a farthing a pound!

Mr. Gould feels mitey sore about it. Who wouldn't?

Homely news

Mr. Greenwood, the Health Minister, records with pride that, with the assistance of the extra subsidy sanctioned by Mr. Wheatley in 1924, a few

agricultural parishes have managed to build farm-workers' cottages for letting purposes at 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. a week.

This is welcome news. New homes in most villages have hitherto been far beyond reach of the workers' pockets, and Mr. Greenwood should circulate full details to every rural district council of how it was done.

That get-there grit

A man who started life as a humble pit-boy at the age of ten has just completed a £6,000,000 job which has been described as the world's greatest engineering feat.

We refer to Mr. Laurence Emswiler, who was the supervisor of construction in charge of the gigantic bridge in Sydney Harbour, just completed.

A born Scot, he migrated to America when he was fifteen, educated himself at night schools, and obtained a responsible post in the works of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the Pittsburgh millionaire.

An O.B.E. or something wouldn't be out of place here, would it?

Action wanted

A Liverpool reader who was appalled at the long hours which he knew certain lads to be working in his home area decided that it was his duty to report his discoveries to the Home Office.

The reply he received is illuminating:

"I am directed by the Secretary of State to inform you that there are no statutory provisions regulating the hours of employment of boys above school age as messengers," it ran, adding that a Bill was however, "under consideration."

We hope the consideration will not be too lengthy. The necessary legislation is already long overdue.

Just not justice

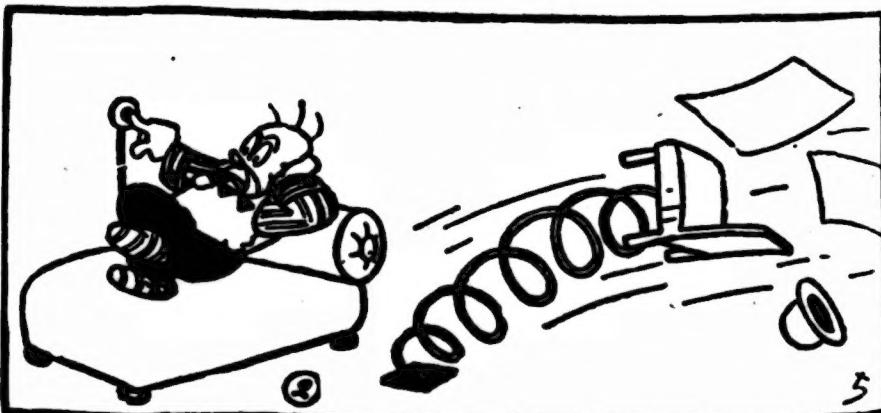
The Malling, Kent, J.P.s recently sent a man—Frank Johnson—to one month's hard labour for stealing a few apples (value 1s. 6d.). You see, fruit-stealing is serious.

A few days later, Vincent Radford, of Kenilworth Road, and John C. D. Bell, of The Spring, Binley Road, Coventry, were charged before the local Bench with having damaged a hedge and parsnips to the extent of 2s. 6d. on the allotment of a working-man.

This was put down as an "escapade," and the defendants got off at a total expense of £1 3s. 9d. each.

ADAMSON—

—Springs a Surprise



[The Sixth International Exhibition of Inventions opens in London to-day, Thursday.]

A DUKE'S Bright Idea

MY PLAN TO MOBILISE
THE UNFIT

by the Duke of
RICHMOND AND GORDON



"Once a man feels
he has not a
chance, he will
not try"—The
Duke and
Duchess of Rich-
mond and Gor-
don are both
great humani-
tarians

THERE are two million disabled people in Great Britain, and the number is growing. No purpose can be served by ignoring the fact. It is insistent, clamant—a national tragedy.

The human wreckage from the late war, the rising toll of modern industrialism, the increase in the ravages of disease all add their hourly cascade to the legion of the unfit, and it is idle to expect a decrease for many years to come.

We pity and we pass by because we think we cannot help the cripple. We would like to know how we could help him. Also we know that we are paying through rates and taxes.

A generous impulse halts on that idea.

We must look at the question from a new angle. We must give up trying to deal with it through our emotions. It has become a challenge to our reason.

If we are to do the right thing by the disabled, to make them self-supporting, self-respecting and useful members of the community—as it is our duty to do—we must provide for them, as a first necessity, a new environment.

We must take them away from towns where, employed or supported, their handicaps are only accentuated.

A blind man feeling his way through the busy traffic is made acutely conscious of his loss of sight. A cripple holding up everything while he struggles awkwardly with his crutches to board a bus or cross a street feels painfully conspicuous and wretched.

Both are surrounded by thousands of their more fortunate fellows, and their defects make them even more sensitive to the fact that they are hopelessly handicapped.

What is the result?

Once a man feels convinced that he has not a chance, he will not try. His personality becomes warped, his hopes change to despair, he abandons effort.

Bright brains wasted

ALL that these unfortunate people need is a chance to make good by their own efforts. They will only respond if they feel it is not useless to try, and they will only feel this in an environment where their disabilities are not apparent.

The second necessity is to provide work for them which develops their capacity to the maximum. It is absurd to imagine that because a man has bad lungs, or no sight, or defective legs, he has no brains.

On the contrary, disabled people are very intelligent. They learn to think quickly. They are impelled to use their remaining attributes with greater skill and energy than the normal man employs.

The blind have wonderful hearing and feeling powers; the deaf are sharp-eyed; the limb-disabled are usually ambidextrous.

Yet, for some reason I have never been able to discover, almost every employment scheme is based on the idiotic assumption that sub-normal people are without intelligence.

One of the most important things in the

organisation of new employment for the disabled is that the workers

should be allowed to reach the highest executive positions.

Experience shows that intelligent sub-standard men will not be governed by second-rate fit men. They would far rather struggle in the great world where, in spite of their handicap, they can still hope to do well.

Everyone, including the King and the Prince of Wales is, I am told, astonished at the success of the Papworth Industries. But Dr. Varrier Jones, who created them, tried the experiment of standing the sub-normal on their own feet because he sincerely believed they would jump at the chance of making good.

His experiment has proved him right.

The problem which such places as Papworth has solved is that of finding the means of utilising to the maximum and in the right environment such capacity as the disabled man possesses.

Busy—and happy

THE capacity may be unable to earn profits, but if the cost of employing him is less than the cost of his maintenance in idleness at public or charitable expense, then for every reason he should be so employed.

Now, what sort of employment can be found to suit the disabled and fulfil all the requirements I have set out?

I think we can find an answer to this question if we envisage a second-grade industry—that is to say, an industry that is not expected to earn profits—that can be manned and managed by those unable to take their place in first-grade industry.

Experimental work has again proved that such industries can be found and organised with success and meet our major requirement that they incur considerably less loss than the cost involved in maintaining the disabled in idleness.

The right environment for the sub-normal will be found in village settlements on the same lines as those of Papworth, Enham and Preston Hall. For those who do not need special environments, special workshops will suffice.

These can be established anywhere and should be provided with as much labour-saving machinery as possible.

But here again certain principles must apply. The suggestion of charity must be absent and effort rewarded by increments, both in cash and position.

The question now arises as to the cost of carrying out the scheme.

I have information that a new family was settled at the Papworth Village Settlement the other day which was costing ratepayers £5 a week in poor relief. Now it is costing the ratepayers nothing.

There are over a hundred families installed at Papworth, so that settlement may not unreasonably claim to be saving the country £25,000 a year in relief.

£25,000 a year will extinguish a loan of £250,000 in fifteen years at 5 per cent., and the village and industries have not cost much more than £100,000.

If these figures mean anything, they mean that our present scales of relief, if diverted, are more than adequate to provide the service of a national 5 per cent. loan for the creation of as many village settlements as are needed.

The same argument applies to workshop provision. By the diversion of poor relief to the service of such loans, the whole problem would be lifted out of the province of charity, for which it has now become far too enormous.

No grant is necessary. All that is necessary is the good will and moral support of successive Governments and a short Act empowering local authorities to divert a portion of their poor relief appropriations to the service of loans for the employment of the unfit on the lines specified.

In this article I have avoided statistics as far as possible. I have also refrained from dwelling on the very important matter which concerns the morale and health of the disabled employed in existing village settlements.

Dividends in health

ACCORDING to Dr. Lissant Cox, Papworth, with its consumptive population, has an infant mortality nearly three times less than the ordinary infant mortality for England and Wales.

Some idea of the possibilities of the village settlement idea may be drawn from this example. If the disabled are beyond curing, their children have every chance to escape the suffering which economic conditions must inflict upon them in usual circumstances.

If the second-rate industry cannot pay its way in cash, its dividends will be earned in lessening public expenditure and in promoting public health.

And here is a return the value of which cannot be over-estimated.

Richard Gordon

Candid Communications



M. BRIAND,
Quay d'Orsay, Paris

DEAR SIR,—I suggest that a needful preliminary to a friendly and fruitful consideration of your scheme for the United States of Europe—indeed for the friendly consideration by Britain of any French suggestion—is the doing of justice to British investors in French rentes.

The stabilisation of the franc at one quarter of its previous value meant that these investors were robbed of three-quarters of their money.

Nor can it be said that the catastrophic depreciation was inevitable; it was due to the refusal of France to pay her debts.

Nor can I see why, if you compensate British rentiers, you must do as much for French investors.

In France the real value of the franc in goods and services has not diminished to anything like the extent of three-quarters.

You have succeeded in making us pay for your present prosperity. And it won't do.

If you want Britain to be your friend, treat her as such.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ARTHUR GREENWOOD,
Minister for Health

DEAR MINISTER,—I am sure that you will not be misled by the clap-trap about the shockingly heavy rates in Socialist boroughs.

You know that those boroughs are mostly the burrows of the poor, and that there the rates must be high.

You know that the low-rated boroughs run by Municipal Reformers, so called, are the haunts of the comfortable classes who largely live on the poor boroughs where some of them have their factories.

FRANCLY, it's Cheating!

Those "Burrow" Rates—The Price of Patriotism
A Good Man's Work Well Done

The only equitable solution of the problem is the equalisation of rates. Won't you see that it happens?

JOHN BULL.

Sir ROBERT WALLACE, K.C.,
Chairman, London Sessions

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—I hear that you intend to retire from the Sessions at the end of the year, after a service of nearly a quarter of a century.

Well, sir, my good wishes will go with you in your retirement.

Your kindly wisdom, sternly impartial judgments, and, above all, the fatherly interest you have taken in young prisoners have made you respected by all—and even beloved.

You feel that at eighty your work is done, and perhaps you are right. But certainly I trust that your example will commend itself elsewhere.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. F. WRIGHT,
Norfolk Farmers' Union

DEAR SIR,—I share your anxiety at the slump in wheat prices; but I have noted before now that you farmers let bad things happen, and expect good things to be done for you.

The mixed farm is not at the mercy of foreign competition. The mixed farmer can anyhow keep himself going, and a slump in any one sort of produce does not overwhelm him.

If you went all out for mixed farms and co-operative marketing you would be in a far better condition to meet the foreign menace.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ANDREW DUNCAN,
Chairman, Central Electricity Board

DEAR SIR ANDREW,—If the scheme to harness the tides which is now being tried out at Avonmouth proves to be practicable, as seems likely, electricity will become dirt cheap.

But just a timely word in view of what immense benefits would accrue, not only to industry (and especially to the small workshop), but also in agriculture.

I am sure that there will be no attempt to establish a monopoly and prevent the competition of tide-made electricity from bringing down the price.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. LORD SANKEY,
Lord Chancellor

MY LORD,—I trust that you will consider seriously the memorial submitted to you asking for an enquiry giving detailed suggestions for reducing the cost of litigation.

Above all, I hope you will consider the possibility of merging the functions of solicitor and barrister. Why should we pay two men?

Perhaps you may conclude that there should be a public functionary to see to the defence of poor people.

There will be no true justice in Britain while justice is so dear.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. B. SHAW,
Whitehall Court, London, S.W.

DEAR SHAW,—It is perfectly true that your attitude towards the war was misunderstood. And many will be astonished to hear you say now that when it comes to killing or being killed, one must stand by one's neighbours and take a hand with the rest.

Thank you for that common-sense statement.

But what you say about courage is sheer bunk. The romantic pretence of bravery in battle has not been knocked out of us.

We all know, always, that the best men tremble when they are about to face danger. The brave man is he who, nevertheless, goes on—trembling.

So why talk rot?

JOHN BULL.

M. PADEREWSKI,
Paris

CHER MAESTRO,—I hear with great regret, but little surprise, that at the age of seventy, you, who have enthralled millions with your magical music, are a poor man.

At the height of your fame, you turned your back on your career as a pianist, and devoted yourself and your wealth to the cause of your suffering country, Poland.

Moreover, I know that from the beginning you spent freely to help struggling musicians.

And now you are seventy, and ill, and poor.

Well, you may be proud of it. All honour to you, great pianist, and greater man.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

LLOYD GEORGE,—“This country is getting top-heavy.”
Wrong! As ever, the froth is at the top.

LADY WINIFRED ELWES: “This country will never accept a dictator.”
Accept? No country is ever asked.

STANLEY JAST: “Man is no longer lord of the machine—it is the machine which is lord of him.”
We all know that. But we do nothing.

General HIGGINS,
Salvation Army

DEAR GENERAL,—By an unfortunate series of accidents it has been made to appear that shortly there will be no members of the Booth family holding office in England.

And by an unfortunate coincidence, officers' councils were held on the same day as the farewell gathering in honour of Staff-Captain Wycliffe Booth, on the eve of his departure for France.

I am sure that you will deplore all this, and will hasten to remove this fallacious appearance of a vendetta against the family of the great man whose place you so worthily fill.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. L. POULTON,
National Union Boot Op. ratives

DEAR MR. SECRETARY,—On the eve of your retirement from the Trades Union Council and your General Secretaryship, I wish to express what so many feel—a wholehearted admiration.

A wage-earner before you were ten, you knew what you were talking about and what you were working for. You never talked through your hat. And you never thumped the drum and blew the trumpet over what you had done.

You leave a fine record behind you—the record of a simple life and a zealous stewardship.

JOHN BULL.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. H. B. Lees Smith, the Postmaster-General, confesses he's —

IF you do not know me, know me now—

For, briefly, I am IT!
And as P.M.-G., I agree with Mr. We have made a tremendous hit!

I've searched my department through and through—

Attic and roof and vault—
But where'er I've turned I've not discerned

A sign of the smallest fault!

There are flies on Private Enterprise;
And spots on the sun I see;
But, I tell you flat, I will eat my hat,
If you find any flies on me!

The flaws that others profess to find
Are but out-moded myths;
For Myself agrees with Me that Lees
Is the greatest of living Smiths!

Self-praise, admittedly, is no recommendation; but I hold that I was justified in inviting a Yorkshire audience to compare the marvellous prosperity of the Post Office with the depression prevailing in industries conducted by “self-satisfied individualism.”

Some critics reply that it is easy for a bureaucratic monopoly to make profits by charging excessive rates.

They assert that my telephone service is the costliest in the world, and suggest that, instead of sneering at the



Honolulu has a larger number of telephones per 100 inhabitants than this country.

Is it my fault that people who should be on the 'phone refuse to accept my assurance that mine is an ideal telephone service?

And my efforts are thwarted by disloyal subscribers, for whenever I advertise that calls cost only a penny each, they allege that they are charged for hundreds of calls they have not had.

This, of course, is nonsense. Subscribers not satisfied with their account can obtain particulars upon payment of 6s., which charge is made to “larn” them not to blaspheme by questioning the infallibility of their bureaucratic lords and masters.

It is urged that an ordinary business

plight of competitive business, I should assist a trade revival by restoring penny postage.

But these parrot cries no more disturb my magnificent complacency than does the fact that

which was conducted on these lines—which sent customers exaggerated accounts and refused particulars unless the customer first paid a fine—would be bankrupt in a week.

But the Post Office is not an ordinary business, and I, I am bound to say, am not an ordinary business man!

Since I became boss of His Majesty's mails

I've, admittedly, lost quite a few—
A fact about which foolish critics get cross.

That the telegraph service runs at a loss,

Is also distressingly true.

Each letter you post costs you 50 per cent.

Over rates that were ruling of yore:
But I'm hanged if I know why such trifles should be

Brought up by acidulous scribes against me.

For I find adverse comment a bore.

It is strange, but the bouquets I feel should be mine

Are left to decay on a shelf;
And a fact which I'm certain will scarce be believed,

Is that no testimonials have I received
From outside—so I write 'em myself!

The Minister For "IT"

by

A. G. GARDINER

a strangle-hold on a consuming country like this.

But the wheat pools have failed ingloriously, and wheat to-day stands at half the price it did a year ago.

This is a sufficient warning against the perils of these mammoth State transactions, and the lesson seems to be that our interest lies in the freest play of the market.

In any case, we should not enter on these bulk purchases without an adequate *quid pro quo* in the shape of reciprocal purchases of our manufactures by the Dominions.

There are other less hazardous expedients to which the conference may address itself with confidence.

Nothing is more disquieting than the extent to which our competitors, especially the Americans, have the monopoly of the Dominion market, in spite of the preference accorded to British goods.

This is not to be wondered at in the case of Canada; but it ought not to be so in the case of Australia and South Africa. But it is so.

It is not merely in such industries as the film that we are left standing still by American competition. The case is equally bad in the motor industry, in regard to which America has "scooped the pool."

This is not because the people of the Dominions prefer American goods to British goods. It is because in all the arts of marketing, publicity and enterprise we are beaten out of the field.

I am glad to see that the conference is committed to dealing with this humiliating fact, and to the proposal of new methods of co-operation, research, marketing, and so on.

We are spending on this side vast sums annually in promoting the sale of Empire products here, and we may reasonably expect a reciprocal enthusiasm for the sale of British products in the Dominions.

Whatever else the conference does or does not achieve, it ought to inaugurate a new chapter in the trading relations of the whole British Commonwealth.

Sir Richard Squires, Newfoundland's Prime Minister

Premier the Hon. G. W. Fortes, of New Zealand

Something for the CUBS

important, especially in view of the enormous burden of defence which falls upon this country.

to
CHEW

their manufactures to give us a free market on any terms.

Indeed, both countries have only just recently raised their tariff-walls higher against us as well as against the foreigner.

The Government is much more likely to attempt to strike a bargain with the Dominions on the basis of the bulk purchase of commodities and price stabilisation.

Bulk purchase is a new and questionable experiment. It is conceived as an answer to the wheat and other pools that have been organised to get

The Dominions have grown so accustomed to regard their protection as the peculiar and almost exclusive task of this country that they are naturally slow to take their proportionate share of the burden.

That was intelligible so long as in matters of foreign policy the British Government was supreme and called the tune, but with the growing disposition on the part of the Dominions to have a more independent voice the position is changed.

That disposition was accentuated by the experience of the Great War.

In claiming this very proper freedom, their own moral liabilities in regard to defence have become apparent.

Light on the shadow

Their share is small, and even in the case of the misguided Singapore enterprise, which is primarily conceived in the interests of Australasia, the overwhelming part of the expenditure falls upon the taxpayer of this country.

But it is not in the region of politics, but in that of economics, that the Imperial Conference will find its chief work. It meets under the shadow of a world depression which afflicts every part of the Commonwealth in common with other countries.

It is incumbent upon the conference to face the peculiar problems of the Empire in connection with the world-wide disaster, and to consider what mutual arrangements and co-operation are possible to improve the flow of Imperial trade.

There has been a great crusade in a certain section of our Press in favour of Empire Free Trade, with Protection against the rest of the world, including taxes on food. But the proposal in its crude form is unlikely to be seriously considered by the conference.

It breaks down on two grounds. First, the Government is extremely unlikely to go into the conference with an offer of food-taxes.

Second, the Dominions will certainly not go into the conference with an offer to us of free trade in their markets for our manufactures, even though we offered them taxes on foreign wheat.

Both Australia and Canada are too deeply committed to the protection of

Mrs. Shah Nawaz, one of India's representatives

LONDON during the next few weeks will be in a very real sense the heart of the Empire. From far distant New Zealand, from Australia, from South Africa, from Canada have come the Prime Ministers of the Dominions, with their colleagues and their staffs of officials, to discuss with the Mother Country the political and economic affairs of the British Commonwealth.

Happily there will be no great political and constitutional issue. The British Commonwealth is the freest and most flexible political system the world has ever seen.

It is not an Empire controlled automatically from the centre, but a companionship of sister nations, scattered all over the earth, independent and self-governing.

The bonds that hold this community together are not bonds which chafe, irritate and rust away.

They are the invisible bonds of a common origin, a common speech, a common literature, law and custom, and a common love of free institutions.

In a word, they are spiritual bonds, that time can only strengthen and circumstance make more fast and enduring.

Free and easy

From time to time it is suggested that we should substitute for this happy and easy relationship a hard-and-fast political federation, with an Imperial Parliament, somewhat after the United States pattern.

But the practical difficulties are overwhelming, and nothing is more certain than that the attempt would end in disaster and the disruption of a system which is at present the envy of the world.

No such scheme is now regarded by any responsible Party as within the sphere of practical politics, and the only political questions that will come before the conference are those affecting inter-Imperial relations and foreign policy and defence.

These, especially the latter, are suf-

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THOMAS CARLYLE

is credited with having said that the theory of church-going in his time was all wrong. So far from believing that people went to church too seldom, he thought they went too often and took the duty too lightly.

If he were a preacher, he said, he would mount the pulpit some Sunday and tell the congregation all he knew about their faults and failings and what he thought they ought to do to amend their lives, and would then send them home to put the sermon into practice.

ON the following Sunday he would get up in the pulpit again and address the congregation thus:

"Well, have you done what I told you? No, I see you haven't by your faces, and I have heard all about your doings during the past week."

"So clear out of this you rascals and humbugs, and don't dare to come here again till you have acted up to what I have taught you."

The story is quite likely to be true, for Thomas was a great scolder, but I doubt the efficacy of his method. He made himself unhappy by his excessive irritability.

After the death of his wife he suffered greatly from remorse at the recollection of the many unkind things he had said to her. He would have been a happier man for taking some of the advice himself that he wanted to give to others.

Bad Temper

What a prolific source of trouble uncontrolled peevishness is!

Lives are poisoned by it, homes rendered wretched, love turned to hate; not a few crimes of passion can be traced to its evil influence.

A letter just received from one of my regular readers contains a sad confession with regard to this fault.

The writer is recalling in bitter self-reproach words spoken in anger to a dear fellow-soul whom death has since taken away.

"I cannot understand myself," runs the pathetic recital. "I was so fond of him; there was nothing I would not do for him; but some devil inside me made me say cruel things to him if ever I were in the least put out by anything he said or did."

"Even at the moment of uttering them I knew they were wicked and unjust, but somehow I could not hold them back."

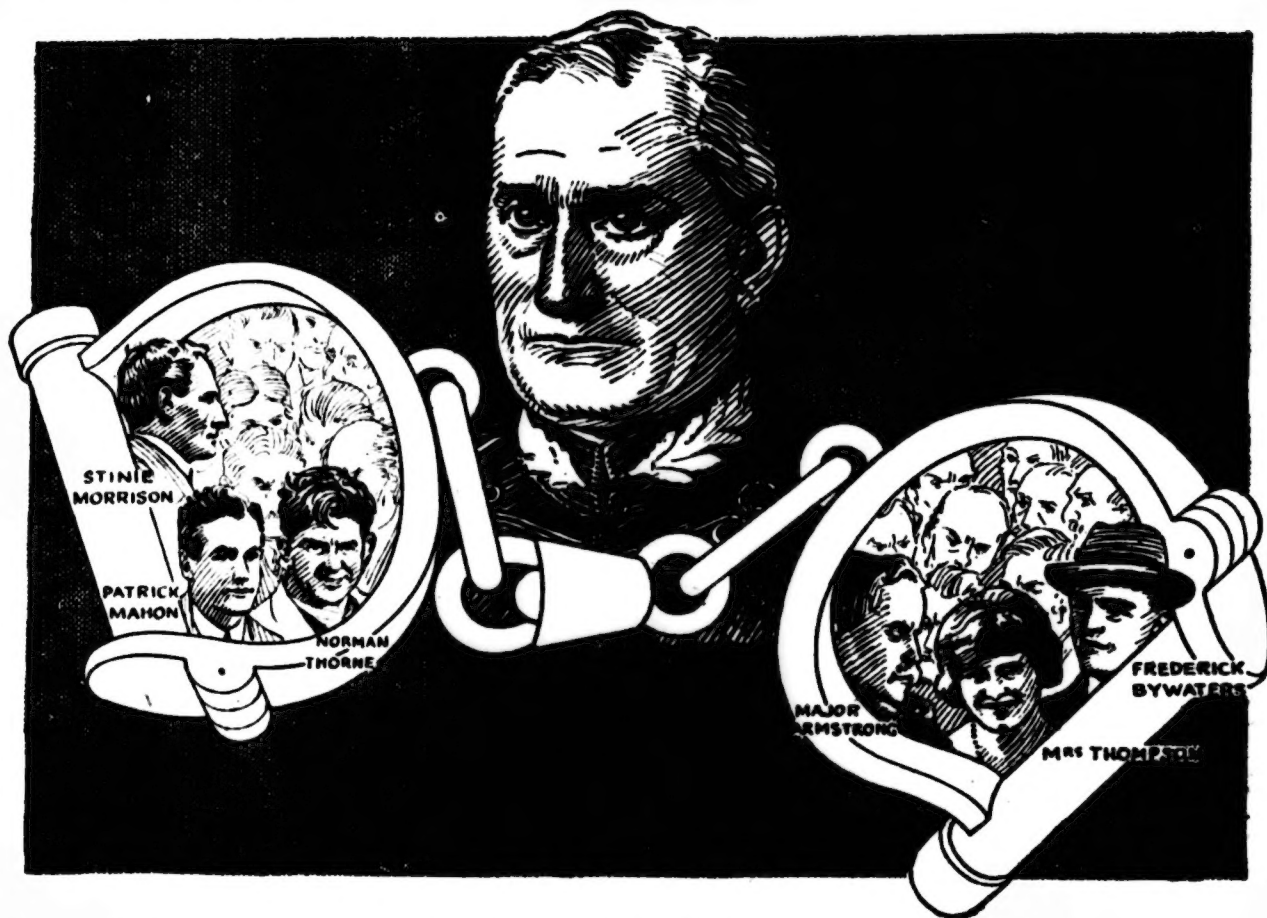
I think—in fact, I feel sure—that in this case the real affection felt by the penitent offender for the one who is gone must have taken some of the sting out of hasty speech; it may not have been so hurtful as it now appears.

BUT there are many people equally guilty who are not sorry at all; they tear the hearts of those who love them by their sharp tongues and think no more of it.

A bad spirit can warp the judgment and make spitefulness and rancour seem reasonable and right.

Pain-giving is never right except when reluctantly done in love. When the spirit is right the tongue is seldom wrong.

THE MAN WHO CAUGHT THE MURDERERS



Ex-CHIEF CONSTABLE WENSLEY SPEAKS!

WENSLEY—who brought more than twenty notorious murderers, including Mahon, Armstrong, Bywaters, Mrs. Thompson, Voisin, Thorne, to the gallows.

WENSLEY—the man who, once on the trail, never let a murderer slip through his fingers.

WENSLEY—for forty-two years the terror of every sort of criminal and described by the late Sir Richard Muir as "the greatest detective of all time."

WENSLEY—a yeoman's son, who, without a scrap of influence, rose to be Chief Constable and dominating head of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard.

Ex-Chief Constable Wensley, of New Scotland Yard, has set down in black and white, for the first time, the unvarnished story of his amazing life.

This absorbing narrative—Wensley's Own Memoirs—for which editors of numerous publications have angled in season and out of season, has at last been secured for exclusive publication in the one newspaper which has outstripped all rivals for startling journalistic achievements—The "Sunday Express."

The "Sunday Express"—the Brightest, Biggest Sunday newspaper, has bought Wensley's Own Life Story at a phenomenal price.

The "Sunday Express" will start publishing this remarkable story of "The Man Who Caught The Murderers" next Sunday.

Everybody who would know the real truth of what the head of the British detective force saw and heard, of what he did and how he did it, during 42 years among the criminals, should give a definite order to his or her newsagent to-day to send the "Sunday Express" until further notice—beginning next Sunday.

ORDER FORM.

To....., Newsagent.

Please deliver me the "Sunday Express," containing Ex-Chief Constable Wensley's Memoirs, until further notice.

Name

Address

Flaming ELLIS ISLAND

OUTRAGE



Miss MacMahon played a daughter's part well and effectively



Photographed before he sailed—Mr. MacMahon has become almost a physical wreck

AFFIDAVITS and exhibits have been submitted this week to the British Foreign Office in one of the most extraordinary Ellis Island cases on record.

Far too often are these cases conveniently shelved and forgotten by the authorities.

This one must be sifted to the bottom and proper amends demanded from the United States Government for the shocking treatment of a British citizen.

Mr. James MacMahon, the victim, is a widower, sixty years of age. All his life has been spent in Sunderland, where he is well known as a monumental sculptor.

Healthy—ruined

A few months ago a rich relative died in California and bequeathed house and other property there to Mr. MacMahon.

In the will a wish was expressed that he should take personal charge of the estate and spend the remainder of his days in California.

He decided to take the opportunity, retire from business and go out first for a few months to make preparations for settling.

His intention was then to return to this country, wind up his affairs here, and take his daughter abroad with him.

A return ticket to Oakland, California, was purchased, and the United States Vice-Consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne issued a passport visa to Mr. MacMahon.

He was medically examined before sailing and found to be perfectly healthy.

Now Mr. MacMahon is a broken man, physically ruined. A few days ago he collapsed in a Sunderland street from hæmorrhage of the brain—undoubtedly a consequence of what befell him in America—and his memory has become dim and confused.

Quayside attack

Fortunately, however, a complete legal record of his astounding experiences had been made before the collapse, and the evidence was already assembled by his lawyers.

On reaching New York, Mr. MacMahon intended to call at a tourist agency's office near the docks to enquire about his heavier luggage which had been registered in advance to California.

He asked for directions from a group of youths in a quayside street and was attacked by them. An effort to defend himself with a suitcase he carried was futile, and he fell unconscious under a rain of blows about the head.

Mr. MacMahon had a packet of £200 in banknotes in his possession, and the money was stolen.

What happened to him immediately after the assault is unknown. It is a matter which the New York police must be called upon to explain.

Mr. MacMahon has a vague recollection of a hospital, but when full consciousness returned to him he found himself on a wire bed in a narrow cell.

A warder informed him that he was on Ellis Island, the American deportation station outside New York, and showed him his passport and the return half of his steamer and rail ticket to California.

Brutal treatment

When Mr. MacMahon asked that a cablegram should be sent to his daughter Nora, in Sunderland, the request was refused because he was penniless and could not pay the cost.

For at least fourteen days Mr. MacMahon was confined in this cell on Ellis Island.

He was repeatedly asked by the warders if he had command of any money in New York, and when, suspecting graft, he insisted that his relatives in Britain should be communicated with, he states that he was brutally maltreated.

According to his statement, when, on one occasion, he demanded to be put in touch with the British Consul-General at New York, he was thrown upon the bed and doused with two pailfuls of water.

We will take the narrative back to Britain.

Nearly a month had passed, and Miss MacMahon, in Sunderland, had received no word from or about her

father. The last messages she had exchanged with him were by radio while he was on the voyage, and all was well then.

After she had spent with blank results nearly £50 in prepaid-reply wireless messages to her relatives, in California and the shipping agents in New York, Miss MacMahon approached the Sunderland police for help.

They dictated to her a Marconigram to the Chief of Police, New York, which was immediately despatched.

This was the reply received from the New York police:

James MacMahon arrived Baltic. Gave destination San Francisco, California. Not detained on Ellis Island. Unable to locate.

In the light of subsequent events, it will be seen that this message requires a great deal of explanation.

On the day it was sent, and for fully two weeks before, Mr. MacMahon had been a prisoner on Ellis Island.

Daughter's part

It was certainly a most disturbing message for the daughter to receive when it was read in conjunction with the wireless intimations from California that her father had not arrived there almost a month after his departure.

Miss MacMahon was quick to act. Within twelve hours of receiving the New York police radiogram she booked

a passage, obtained a visa, and was on board a White Star liner sailing from Liverpool to the United States.

As soon as the liner sailed she sent a wireless message to the New York authorities announcing her departure.

The effects were astonishing.

She had been two days at sea, when, in the night, a ship's officer awakened her in her cabin.

He had in his hand an unsigned wireless instruction from America. It asked that she should be stopped, and intimated that her father was on another liner then leaving New York.

An interpolation from Mr. MacMahon's statement at this stage is interesting.

Soon after Miss MacMahon's announcement of her departure reached New York, two warders dashed into the father's cell, ordered him to dress hurriedly, and rushed him into a liner with his passport and the return half of his ticket in his hand.

There was also given to him a card with the word "Deported" printed across it.

Pitiable homecomer

Miss MacMahon was transferred from the liner to a passing ship bound for Belfast, and from there she went to Liverpool.

She summoned to Liverpool her brother, Mr. Desmond MacMahon, music master of the Sheffield Education Authority, and together they awaited the return of their father some days later.

When Mr. MacMahon arrived, he was a pitiable object. He was dazed and ill, the boots he wore were not his own and were tied with string.

There were big bloodstains on the shoulder of his coat, and his suitcase was held together with cord because the locks had been smashed.

There has been an extraordinary sequel. It is in the form of a letter from the British Consul at New York stating that Mr. MacMahon was deported because he did not possess a passport or visa.

Our Consul-General has undoubtedly been given this information by the New York police or the Ellis Island authorities.

But it is totally false.

Mr. MacMahon sailed with his papers in order, and they were in his pocket when he returned. They are now at the Foreign Office.

This case requires official probing to its depths, and the firmest action must not be shirked.

GHOULISH Burial Ramp

PROMPT action must be taken by local authorities throughout Great Britain to check a growing and shameful scandal.

It is the selling of information to undertakers regarding the deaths of hospital patients by members of the staffs of the institutions.

Nurses, mortuary-keepers, gate attendants and ambulance men connected with public hospitals and poor law infirmaries all seem to be involved in this degrading traffic.

To be of commercial value to competing undertakers, the information must be supplied quickly. The haste causes distressing consequences to relatives.

It has not been uncommon for people on returning home from the hospital deathbed of a loved one to be met on

the steps of their house by the touts of two or three undertaking firms.

So keen is the ghoulish competition to buy and sell the news of death that there have also been cases where the undertakers have apparently been informed that patients had only a brief period to live.

Their representatives have even called upon the relatives before the persons in hospital died.

Ambulance attendants and mortuary-keepers appear to be guilty of supplying information to funeral firms regarding fatal street and factory accidents.

So rapidly is it transmitted, and with such expedition do the undertakers set to work to obtain orders, that women have had the news of the tragic deaths of their husbands broken to them by the canvassers.



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A New Cuticura Product

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is really **INDIGESTION**

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you want on
page 2

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ALL-WEATHER-COAT
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The Second Biggest Swindler on EARTH

General Dawes, the American Ambassador, does his best to keep all undesirable Americans out of England

Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

FINANCIAL newspapers have lately remarked upon a new campaign on the part of certain share-pushers who are emulating the more crafty methods of trans-Atlantic exponents of this form of fraud.

The campaign embraces the well-timed circulation of false rumours of forthcoming share-slumps in sound companies, with a view to persuading investors to exchange valuable holdings for worthless stock.

No expense is spared in distributing impressive circulars, "confidential wires," which are followed up by long-distance telephone calls or personal visits.

An investigation just completed by my department enables me to reveal that the individuals responsible are, in fact, expert American share-swindlers who have just invaded London.

They are here without permission, having defied our alien laws, and as their chief is the second biggest swindler in the world, who is wanted all over the United States, a word of warning should be of immediate service to the British public.

This chief is Elmer J. Lawler, and until recently he had offices in the Chancery Building, on New York's Broadway, and a magnificent apartment in Fifth Avenue.

He works at—

His decision to abandon these and to descend upon London was made five weeks ago, when warrants for his arrest were issued in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and in the Rockland County of New York.

The lieutenants who are now with him, I find, are Samuel Getzler, Malcolm Chase, and William Marshall.

Within the last few days Lawler has been seen entering and leaving an office in London Wall.

I may mention that the office is one that has been the centre of much share-pushing, both here and in France.

The fact that Lawler is an undesirable alien, who has already been ordered out of the country by the Home Office on one occasion, and who has impudently contrived to return in defiance of the official ban, satisfies me that no effort should be spared to get rid of him before he can get fresh campaigns under way.

Due to appear before Mr. Justice MacKinnon—but Mushnic absconded

A word about Lawler's recent activities in the United States should serve to put the public on their guard.

In the spring of this year, while operating as the William M. Howard Investment Organisation, he approached a progressive New York firm called the Even-Heat Oil Burner Corporation.

The initial negotiations were ably carried out by his lieutenant, William Marshall, who figured as "president" of the Investment Organisation.

Marshall succeeded in persuading the Even-Heat Oil Burner Corporation to believe that his concern was in touch with all the principal investors in America and Europe, and a proposal was put up for disposing of the corporation's unissued stock on a commission basis.

IMPUDENT exploitation of the domestic servant shortage is taking place, and we hope that this warning to JOHN BULL readers may soon put two rogues into the charge of the police.

They are at present working together from Wales, and making villages and hamlets their headquarters from which to conduct successive frauds on people throughout the rest of Britain.

Victims are obtained by two methods—one by replying to newspaper advertisements requiring housemaids, parlour-maids, and the like, and the other by inserting advertisements in newspapers announcing that a Welsh girl wishes domestic employment outside Wales.

The letter of application for the post is invariably in the handwriting of a somewhat uneducated schoolgirl, who offers her services for very low wages.

It also relates a story about the writer being a member of a large family, and that she has been thoroughly trained for housework during her childhood.

A note of genuineness is sounded by

Chief of this trans-Atlantic gang—Elmer J. Lawler

But Lawler and his friends, prominent amongst them a certain "Dr. Cooper," soon began to exceed the authority they thus obtained.

They not only disposed of stock entrusted to them at greatly inflated prices, but also sold thousands of pounds' worth of non-existent stock, using forged credentials and fraudulent share-certificates.

£14,000 coup

They are known to have raised upwards of £25,000 in this way, but before the Even-Heat Oil Burner Corporation could intervene, Lawler and his confederates disappeared.

I may be forgiven for citing one more coup perpetrated by Lawler before coming to London.

Posing as a "Mr. E. J. Lewis," he called upon two aged school-teachers in Providence, and, pretending that he could advise them soundly on investment matters, duped them out of £14,000 worth of gilt-edged securities.

That, briefly, characterises the man who is now in our midst; and some of his associates are almost equally dangerous.

William Marshall, for instance, screens the identity of a certain Maurice Mushnic, who, on July 17, 1925, was also requested by the Home Office to leave England as an undesirable.

It is significant that, upon his return to America, he was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretences.

He has many aliases, including those of William Weiner, William Martin and William Maynard.

They act quickly!

He was arrested in London a year ago at a West End hotel and charged with obtaining money from English investors by the sale of bogus stock.

When committed for trial on bail he absconded and returned to America to participate in the frauds I have mentioned above.

At the moment, I have reason to believe that he is in Paris.

The "Dr. Cooper" I have mentioned is really Samuel B. Getzler, who can claim the distinction of having been a former associate of the notorious Jacob Factor, to whom Lawler only comes second.

He has passed frequently between London and Paris during the last week or so.

He, too, has previously been ordered out of the country by the Home Office.

Lastly, I can reveal that the other member of this pretty coterie, Malcolm Chase, is really William Harowich.

I must warn investors to be strongly on their guard, for these men are notorious for their "lightning coups."

Bogus HOUSEMAIDS in TROUSERS

IMPUDENT exploitation of the domestic servant shortage is taking place, and we hope that this warning to JOHN BULL readers may soon put two rogues into the charge of the police.

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a further passage in the letter where the writer states that she will expect small increases of wages as she grows stronger and becomes more proficient.

Enclosed with the application is always a testimonial and recommendation purporting to be from a local schoolmaster or clergyman.

When the applicant is notified that she has obtained a post, her next move is to write again to the prospective employer.

This time she explains that her father—invariably a miner—has been out of work for a long period, and the large family will be in want if they provide the money for her railway fare.

So she asks her future mistress to forward £1 for travelling expenses and offers to repay the money gradually from her wages.

The couple playing this trick upon employers have been known to obtain

£50 daily for the expenditure of their postage-stamps.

They remain only long enough in one place to carry out a single coup, and then move on to a township in another county, and, in a different name, take lodgings for a week to enable them to repeat the fraud from a new address.

They began operations in Hampshire, went on to Devon and Cornwall, and from there to the mining communities of South Wales.

For some weeks past they have been using addresses in North Wales, and there is reason to believe they may proceed to Scotland.

We advise employers who are asked to forward railway fares to maids engaged by post to arrange with the railway company to issue tickets to them on application.

Readers who may receive letters of the kind indicated will perform good service if they communicate quickly with the police in the district from which they emanate.

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False Names for Greyhounds

GREYHOUND-RACING in this country, as our readers know, has passed through some stormy phases.

But, contrary to the general belief, certain mal-practices have been strongly combated on the licensed tracks by the National Greyhound Racing Club.

Unlicensed tracks, however, which come under no jurisdiction, are increasing in number, and in many cases are bringing the sport into disrepute.

At Southend-on-Sea, for instance, there is a stadium run by the Southend Greyhound Racecourse, Ltd.

The directors, according to the last available returns at Somerset House, are Baron Danvers (a Belgian nobleman), of Bloomsbury Square, London; Samuel Rose, of Cottage Grove, London; and Barnett Leigh, of Evering Road, Stoke Newington, London.

Bogus runners

Sir Logie Elphinstone, Bart., officiates in the dual capacity of judge and steward.

The incidents we here expose could, of course, have occurred without the knowledge of the directors; but they vividly show the necessity for the strictest supervision on the part of those who control ventures of this kind.

We have no hesitation in saying that conduct of the most reprehensible kind has been taking place on this Southend track since it opened two months ago.

Already the history of this track demonstrates the ease with which the public can be imposed upon in the absence of any control from a body such as the Greyhound Racing Club.

Dogs have been run on this Southend course in changed names; programmes in consequence have given false information, and mythical owners and trainers have been named to screen the identity of the real people involved.

Even prize-money due to honest owners of winning dogs has been withheld, though the victims in these instances are unaware of the real state of affairs there.

There is a man at Rayleigh who held a clean trainer's licence from the National Greyhound Racing Club until he accepted an invitation to train certain dogs on behalf of the Southend Greyhound Racecourse, Ltd.

A very sad trainer

As the National Greyhound Racing Club had refused for months to grant a licence to the Southend venture, on grounds we shall deal with later, the trainer automatically lost his own licence when he agreed to train dogs for an unlicensed club.

In the belief that there was plenty of money in the venture and that a licence would ultimately be forthcoming, this man took over more than a score of dogs.

He was told that other animals would be sent to him, and, on advice given by officials of the company, he installed new sheds and kennels in readiness.

He is a sad man to-day. The new sheds and kennels are empty, and the cost of their erection has never been met.

Nor has he been reimbursed for those dogs he has maintained on its behalf,



THREE famed sportsmen who have made combined efforts to stamp out irregularities on the dog track. From the left: Lord Wodehouse, and Major-General Selby, of the Greyhound Racing Club; and Major-General Critchley, Greyhound Racing Association

rules, would not, of course, have been able to race under such conditions.

In another race the owner of a dog named "Tanyard" was given as "Mr. J. Flight," and the animal was handicapped as being of unknown form.

Actually, it was a good racer named "Tanyard Side," owned by Mrs. J. Flight.

The cleverness with which these names were altered can be seen at a glance.

Owner didn't know

Its trainer, according to the programme, was "B. Card," an alias for the real trainer, whom we can reveal as Mr. W. D. Noble, of Brook Farm, Standon Massey, Essex, who raced it at Southend without the owner's knowledge.

Noble, we find, has been entering all classes of dogs in false names on this track.

What does the greyhound-racing public think of this sort of thing?

We also have proof before us that in some races all the runners were Noble's, though false trainers' names were given in each instance, so that the public had no idea that every entry had emanated from the same source.

That our information is indisputable is borne out by the fact that, as we go to press, news reaches us that Mr. Noble—in respect to his behaviour at the Southend track—has been "warned off" all licensed greyhound tracks by the National Greyhound Racing Club.

Any old name!

When we say that the National Greyhound Racing Club refused to license the Southend stadium because it found that statements made by officials about its financial resources could not be substantiated, the company's worth will be seen.

As a fact, though they claimed to have a backing of £10,000, they were actually touting for investors.

Incidentally, when Sir Logie Elphinstone was questioned as to his qualifications to officiate as judge and steward, he admitted that he knew nothing about dog-racing at all.

He was obviously equally ignorant of what was going on at the stadium.

The substitution of dogs in the manner we have described is rampant on unlicensed courses.

We have in our possession an illuminating letter from another greyhound-track company which also conducts an unlicensed track.

It actually states that the course officials permit trainers to enter dogs "under any names that you wish."

Even a dog star

On one occasion, indeed, an official of this company informed a trainer that even "Mick the Miller"—a superlatively successful racer—might thus be raced in the innocent name of "Tailor."

The only way in which irregularities of this nature can be stamped out is to make it imperative for all tracks to conform with the very necessary regulations which the National Greyhound Racing Club—the "Jockey Club" of "Gracing"—has thought fit to frame.

DOG-RACING PRIZE Disclosures

though it was understood that he would be paid 12s. 6d. out of the 15s. a week per head charged to owners by the company.

All his efforts to obtain his just dues have proved unavailing.

This man and several disgruntled prize-winners who had been unpaid recently figured in a scene at the Southend stadium.

They wanted their money; but they got nothing but promises which remain unfulfilled.

Grave indeed are the allegations now gaining currency regarding these and

other grievances which would have been investigated long ago had they arisen on a properly licensed track.

As it is, it is no one's business to sift matters, so the patrons of the Southend track remain in ignorance of the truth.

Let us enlighten them.

A dog named "Father Mick" recently ran at Southend, its owner's name being given in the programme as "Miss Beatrice Lilly."

There is no such owner registered in that name, and the dog, under National Greyhound Racing Club

AMERICAN Fairy Stories

OLD swindles die hard. And the older the swindle, the easier it seems to secure dupes.

The Foreign Office has just issued a warning to the effect that representations now being made to people in this country that they are heirs to vast American estates should be ignored.

Even so! This has been said in JOHN BULL again and again, and in the interests of our readers we have dealt fully with many specific instances where American touts were circulating their fairy stories in this country.

One particularly polished exponent is a woman of many aliases, who poses as a solicitor and who has induced numerous people to part with fees on the pretext that she would recover an unclaimed fortune for them.

Some of the popular family names which have been exploited recently by fake-fortune touts are Drake (an old favourite), Blake, Metcalfe, and Townley.

The American Consul-General in London will be pleased to hear from anyone who happens to be approached in this way.

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£8,000,000 ASYLUMS MYSTERY

A Black Blue Book

WHenever I hear the words "Board of Control" I begin to see red. I feel a sense of rage begin to surge inside me at the thought of

the way we so calmly allow this autocratic body to disregard completely the elementary rights of the individual.

Under the Mental Deficiency Act of 1913 this extraordinary Board has complete and absolute authority over the bodies and souls of all mental deficient in England and Wales.

Once an unfortunate child comes into its clutches it not infrequently says good-bye to home, to parents and to liberty; and for all the power the parents may have in the future they might as well never have existed.

Readers of JOHN BULL know better than most people that I am not unduly over-stressing the case when I call the Board of Control a scandalously unassailable body of autocrats, a monstrous instrument of child slavery, possessed of powers that are foreign to even the lowest conception of humanity.

Deaf, thick-skinned

The case against the Board of Control has been stated over and over again in these pages.

The indictment has been backed up by chapter and verse, by case after case of indefensible tyranny—but never once has any defence been attempted. Never once has any reply been forthcoming.

Cold and aloof, these Mussolinis of dementia continue to ride rough-shod over the most cherished British possession—the liberty of the subject.

I have been reading through the report of the Board—just published—for 1929, and a more startling document it would be hard to find. It is startling, not for what it says, but for what it very carefully leaves unsaid.

Last year the Board, in its capacity as administrator of the Lunacy Acts

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

and the Mental Deficiency Act, spent £8,000,000.

Now that is a not inconsiderable sum of public money; but you will look in vain for any real details of that expenditure.

The spending of that huge sum is dismissed in a page, and instead of detailing the costs of the various departments and services, there is given the items making up the average weekly cost of a certified person.

Even this is an extraordinary piece of accountancy, for I find, under the vague title "Miscellaneous," a sum varying from 2s. to 2s. 5d.

Since, in the aggregate, "Miscellaneous" involves many thousands of pounds, it is a piece of inexcusable arrogance.

Does this £8,000,000 refer to the cost of administering the Lunacy Acts alone, or does it also include the cost of mental deficiency?

We are not told—but we can guess. And my guess is that, since the Board of Control in its capacity of administrator of the Mental Deficiency Act is responsible to no one, it has calmly ignored finance altogether.

They could hardly do things better in Russia.

There is always a disquieting shroud of mystery over the Board of Control and this report does nothing whatever to lift even a corner of it.

But what I looked for most eagerly in this report was some light on the tragic "deaths by misadventure," which have been alarmingly frequent in the institutions under the Board's control. I looked in vain. There is no light.

The shocking case in a Southampton



TWO of the commissioners on "this extraordinary Board"—Mr. L. G. Brock, chairman; behind him, Sir Hubert Bond

hospital last year, which occupied a great deal of space in the newspapers, is not even mentioned—though the Board of Control Committee was appointed to investigate it.

Why? Is there something that is better hidden? The suspicion is excusable in the absence of any evidence to the contrary.

In the face of death—

On page 26 of the report there is a table showing all the causes of death during the year.

"Deaths by misadventure" is not included. Yet on page 41 we learn that there have been a number of such deaths. What's the idea?

Let us have a look at page 41.

"One patient met his death through placing his stockinged feet on hot-water pipes which had been left uncovered owing to structural difficulties—he was burnt, and septicæmia followed.

"Another patient was scalded owing to being left for a few minutes unattended in a bath-room by a probationer nurse who had omitted to remove the key of the taps.

"Another death arose through a demented patient removing a fire-guard and setting her clothes on fire, whilst through a misunderstanding no nurse was in the room.

"Two cases of drowning occurred through bathroom doors being left open by mistake. The deaths were accidental, and at the inquests the staff were not blamed.

"In one of these cases the medical superintendent was not satisfied, and all the nursing staff in the ward were transferred to other wards."

—Calm, very calm

What a punishment! How jolly for the "other wards"!

Well, there you are. What do you think? You can have three guesses what I think—and you'll be right every time.

And how does the Board of Control view these "deaths by misadventure," which, to my mind, are appalling tragedies? Calmly—very, very calmly, I assure you.

"Reviewing these cases," it says, "it is obvious that certain of these deaths would not have arisen but for errors of judgment, or some degree of carelessness, or failure to carry out regulations.

"But in this connection it should not be forgotten that nurses in mental hospitals often work under difficult conditions, and the very nature of the service is distracting."

After that I am not surprised to find the Board itself saying:

"It is natural that relatives should hesitate to place patients under certificates without some intermediate period of treatment and observation to ascertain whether certification is necessary."

Knowing what I know, I'm rather surprised that they ever consent to it at all.

I have left to the last the most serious omission of all from this report.

Explain that "dope"

There have been serious and specific charges made in JOHN BULL—and repeated elsewhere—that the "doping" of patients in asylums to keep them quiet is practised to a wide extent.

I have had men come to me, men of unimpeachable integrity, who were prepared to swear on oath that they had seen this taking place.

I can imagine no more serious allegation, but the Board of Control has nothing to say on the subject.

Yet how easy it would have been to refute all these charges by the simple act of publishing certified figures of the amounts spent in asylums on hypnotic drugs.

Coming on top of all the exposures which from time to time have made the words "Board of Control" stink in the nostrils of decent men and women, this incredible report shrieks aloud for something to be done.

Is this really 1930? Or has the world in some mysterious fashion gone back again to the dark days of a century ago?

Certainly I know this—that if this country is to retain its self-respect it must insist on a drastic revision of an Act which is causing untold pain and unhappiness in the humble homes of England.

The Human Machine

Do It Quickly!

THERE is an old maxim that urges us to "think twice before we speak." Whether there is any efficacy at all in its advice is doubtful; certainly it is a dangerous bit of advice if it gives any impression of hesitancy being the better part of action.

The essence of any action, whether thought or deed, is quickness. "He who hesitates is lost" is a maxim that deserves as much attention as "Think twice before you speak." Since they are entirely contradictory, we should be careful which we choose as our guide.

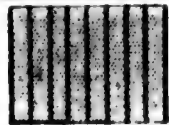
The late Lord Fisher's rule in a fight was to hit first. It was sound philosophy. The decisive doer is also the incisive thinker.

If you visit the palace at Fontainebleau you will be shown a pathetic sight—a table full of little holes made by Napoleon's jabbing knife as he sat before it unable to decide whether to abdicate.

Decision, like indecision, is a habit. We have it in our own power to train ourselves either way. But we must train ourselves; no one can do it for us.

People who think incisively and act with prompt decision are sometimes wrong, but so are those who hesitate. Neither type can do more than balance probabilities and decide as honestly as they may.

Indecision only leads to worry and self-torture. And surely it is better sometimes to be wrong than never to be right.



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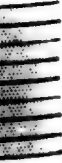
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Without Fear or Favour

Clean Up the PRIVATE SCHOOLS

THE Recorder's Court at the Old Bailey has just dealt with a case which JOHN BULL can justifiably claim to have brought to a head.

We refer to the trial of Mrs. Hilda Caroline Trimm Fearn, principal of the Merevale High School for Boys and Girls, at Bickley, Kent.

The main facts of this disquieting case have been so widely reported that they need not be recited here.

But we may be forgiven for reminding the public that the scandal was ventilated in these columns in June last, following independent enquiries we had conducted at the request of distressed parents.

Our article accused Mrs. Fearn of gross negligence, and showed conclusively that she was unfitted, financially and otherwise, to have control of little children.

This case, though now disposed of, opens up a very grave national scandal, which must be vigorously tackled by Parliament.

For, as the law now stands, what has happened at Bickley could happen at any of the thousands of private schools scattered about the country.

The Board of Education would be the first to admit that shocking abuses are common-places in many of these establishments; but it is powerless to intervene.

Where, then, does the blame lie?

The Board of Education has done admirable work in stamping out abuses.

We must not be hard on the Board of Education. Although it has been largely blamed by some critics, it is not the Board's fault that mushroom "schools" have sprung up with impunity in recent years.

The Board is well aware that many of these institutions are run wholly for personal gain; that pupils suffer both at school and in after-life because of lack of care; but, as we have stated, it is powerless to intervene.

The reason is not far to seek. The Education Act of 1899, under which the Board functions, was framed before the existence of the private-school evil was fully recognised.

The distressing case of Mrs. Fearn shows the lamentable consequences.

Nobody's business

HERE was a woman overwhelmed by debt, owing hundreds of pounds in rates and constantly figuring in the county court, while conducting a so-called "high school" and charging heavy fees for very questionable training.

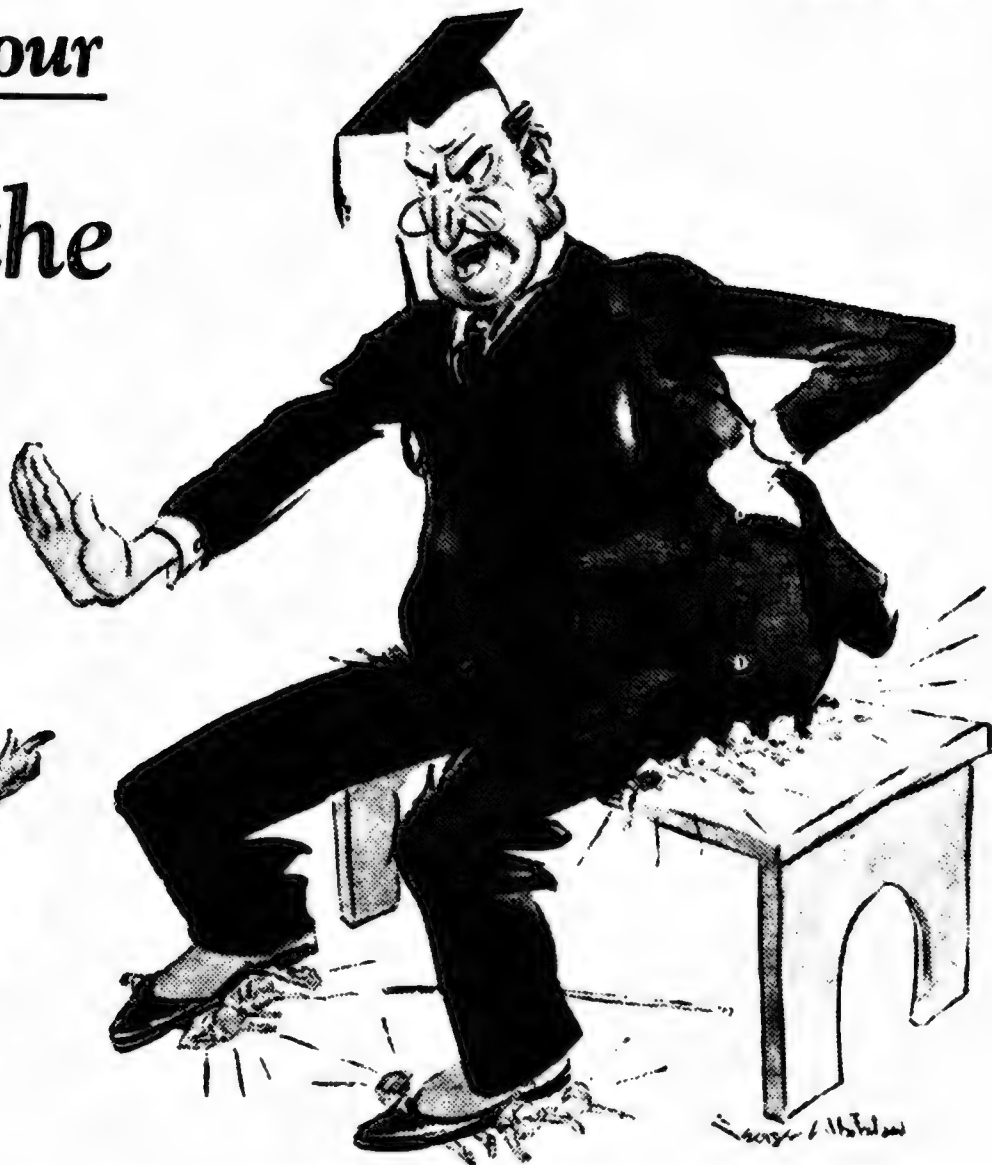
Her teachers, some of whom were of a very low standard, frequently left her because their salaries were unpaid.

Yet this sorry state of affairs was nobody's business.

The Board of Education, county court judges, local inhabitants, even the local police, were cognisant of the facts; but there existed no Act of Parliament affording them a word of authority that would justify an investigation.

Could anything be more preposterous?

It has, unhappily, been shamefully demonstrated now that a poor child had to die before any official action could be taken.



Unscrupulous money-grabbers simply defy the authorities

And, even then, it was left to a voluntary body, in the form of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, to take action under powers conferred upon it by the Children's Act.

The impossibility of the situation will be apparent when we say that the Board of Education and the N.S.P.C.C. have often tried to circumvent the obstacles that the law places in their path.

In many cases they have taken children away from undesirable places on the ground that the drains were bad. Even then, they have been obliged to obtain a magisterial order declaring that, owing to the lack of sanitation, the school in question should be condemned as a possible menace to health.

In this case of Mrs. Fearn the N.S.P.C.C. have succeeded, and they deserve high public approbation.

But perhaps the most monstrous aspect of the whole scandal is that schools of this type are not obliged to register.

The Board of Education assures us that it has no idea how many such establishments exist.

That they run into thousands is certain, but no record is kept, and the principals are under no compulsion to notify the authorities that they are running them.

This means that anyone—an ex-convict or a moral pervert even—can open a private school more simply than they could establish a sweetstuff shop.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that this laxity has been subjected to gross abuses.

Unscrupulous individuals, whose sole thought is to enrich themselves, have set up private schools without possessing any qualifications for training young minds.

Outcast teachers

THE teachers they employ are, in many cases, the very dregs of the profession, who, lacking the ability to secure positions in bona fide educational spheres, are ready to accept mere pittance in their eagerness to find a berth.

We dealt with a case some time ago which involved an institution in Manchester run by a

grasping woman, who had been making a comfortable income out of such places for years.

Here, again, it was not possible for the educational authorities to reach her, and it was left to the N.S.P.C.C. to close her down because she was found guilty of torturing children.

Another case we recall was at Littlehampton, where children were found to be terribly emaciated through lack of proper food.

Cases, equally distressing, are constantly being brought to light.

It is an undeniable fact that many parents prefer to send their children to a private school, believing that they will receive more personal attention.

A new broom

OTHER schools are expressly designed to appeal to selfish parents whose one thought is to be rid of their tiresome offspring, and who do not care how their children suffer so long as some establishment can be found to take them off their hands in return for modest fees.

There is only one remedy for all these evils.

Parliament must give the Board of Education the fullest powers to attack the problem.

All such schools must be compelled to register, and their principals must satisfy the authorities that they are fitted, both in character and qualifications, to instruct the young.

Periodic and free official inspection must be possible at all times; a proper medical officer must be available, or, in the larger establishments, actually resident.

Only properly paid and fully qualified staffs should be employed.

Finally, a word must be said for the many excellent private schools which undoubtedly exist and against which no criticisms could be levelled.

They would welcome new regulations on the lines we have suggested, for, as things now stand, their own good reputation is overshadowed by the existence of the unsavoury establishments against which our present comments are directed.

JOHN BULL

20

by A SPECIAL
CORRESPONDENT

"Everybody calls her just 'Susan'"
—once Miss Lawrence preached Conservatism, in a monocle

Below: Ex-Suffragette Leader—
Barbara Gould



Leading the battalion: Ishbel MacDonald, Dr. Marion Phillips, Jenny Lee and Lady Cynthia Mosley

The WORLD'S Most Powerful WOMEN

TEN years ago a tall, grey-haired woman was taken away from the council chamber where she sat in the East End of London, and placed in a solitary cell at Holloway Prison. She stayed there for six weeks.

Her "crime" was that, along with her fellow-councillors, she had refused to make the poor of the East End bear the burden of keeping their poorer neighbours, while the rich of Mayfair and Kensington went nearly scot-free.

When she came out of prison the poor people whom she had championed feted her, and the Poplar Council made her an alderman in recognition of her courage.

The Government of the day gave way and made the wealthy West End come to the rescue of the impoverished East.

To-day, she sits in the seats of the rulers in Whitehall, the second in command of the Ministry of Health, the very department that sent her to prison ten years ago for defying its autocratic edict.

She is Miss Arabella Susan Lawrence, M.P. for East Ham North, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health—daughter of a wealthy family, who spent her own young days in the lap of luxury, and then revolted against a system which ground down the faces of the poor.

Thirty years ago, wearing the then fashionable Chamberlain monocle in her eye, she was preaching Conservatism in the debating societies of Cambridge University.

Next week (on October 6) she will preside over nearly a thousand Labour men and women, assembled at the Annual Conference of the Labour Party, the greatest deliberative assembly of its kind in the world.

Never before has the conference been presided over by a woman.

Next Monday, when Susan—everybody calls her just "Susan"—takes the presidential chair and picks up her little ivory hammer, she will be making history.

She knows it. "It is a thing for all women to be proud of," she told her women friends a few months ago, when they gave her the little ivory mallet with which to keep order.

Is there anything symbolical about the action of those women in buying that little hammer and presenting it to their leader so that she might tap it on the desk in front of her, and order the men delegates—workmen, union officials, Cabinet Ministers—aye, and even the Prime Minister himself—to preserve silence when she wishes to be heard.

Certainly the women have never before sat in such force in the seats of Labour's rulers.

Three peeresses

Three other women will be on the platform as members of the National Executive of the Party. Before the conference ends there will be four, making five in all, for the women this year have won the right of one more seat from the men.

Nine women M.P.s will be there—the highest number on record—and dozens of women Parliamentary candidates.

The first woman Cabinet Minister is expected—Miss Margaret Bondfield—former shop-assistant and now Minister of Labour.

Then there will be three women drawn from the ranks of the peerage—Lady Noel-Buxton, M.P., Lady Cynthia Mosley, M.P., and Lady Mabel Smith—women of wealth who have decided that it is a worthier thing to devote their lives to demanding justice for their less fortunate sisters than to spend their time loitering in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair.

Two powerful women speakers have been chosen to address the annual Party demonstration that is held during the conference—Mrs. Hamilton, M.P., one of the most able economists in the country, and Jennie Lee, M.P., the brilliant, 'varsity graduate from a miner's cottage.

Another woman University gold medallist, Dr. Marion Phillips, M.P., will be shepherding the women's side of the conference.

Down on the floor of the conference-hall will be scores of women speakers—spell-binding women with powers of eloquence equalled by only a few of the men.

Ellen Wilkinson, the fiery little M.P. for Middlesbrough;

Barbara Gould, the ex-suffragette leader and daughter of Professor Ayrton, who invented the "gas flapper" for use in dug-outs during the war;

Dorothy Jewson, formerly an M.P. herself and now an important I.L.P. leader;

Jessie Stephen, the domestic servants' organiser, who one of these days will become the first ex-domestic servant to sit in Parliament.

Shoulder to shoulder

These are a few of the women who will be there, wrestling skillfully with the words that ultimately are to find their place in the policy to be carried out by the Government.

What is it that these women hope to do by taking their place beside men as the governors of our destinies?

In some quarters there are foolish women who want to sweep men as far out of the way as they can and try to rule the world themselves.

Not so these women of the Labour movement.

The policy they preach is not one in which women and men are arraigned against one another in a continual sex war, but in which the two march hand in hand.

Margaret Bondfield, who was one of a family of eleven children herself, sees the men and women rulers occupying the same position in regard to the State as the mother and father occupy in regard to the family.

"You have the mother and the father of a family both carrying the same point of view, yet slightly different, agreeing upon action, but sometimes from different motives. That kind of thing will build up the social fabric of the State."

And she wants equal wages for the sexes, too.

Now let us take a glance at some of these women who are helping to rule our destinies, and see what manner of folk they are.

They come from the castle and the humble cottage, from the Mayfair drawing-room and the drapery counter, from the kitchen and from the lecture-halls of Cambridge.

An indication has already been given of Susan Lawrence's upbringing. Her family was rich, and not until she was over forty was she converted to Labour.

It was a fight on the L.C.C. Education Committee for better wages for the charwomen that finally influenced her conversion.

She is as much at home in an aeroplane as on the Treasury bench. I remember her rushing into the Lobby at the House of

Lady
Matel
Smith"Formerly an M.P., now an important
leader"—Dorothy Jewson"Mollie," as everyone at Westminster
calls her

Committee of the King's Weigh House Church, headed by Dr. Orchard—one of the most progressive schools of Christian thought in London.

She has been a pioneer all her life—the first woman delegate to attend the Trade Union Congress, the first woman elected to its committee, the first woman to become its chairman, the first woman to hold office as an Under-Secretary, and the first woman ever to sit in a British Cabinet.

Jennie Lee, who often finds herself opposed to Margaret Bondfield, is the youngest woman in Parliament, full of the fire and impatience of youth.

She came from a miner's cottage; she sits for a miners' constituency; she sees how they are suffering, and she wants more to be done to help them now.

She is clever as well as pretty. Underneath her sleek, brown hair and behind her deep, dark eyes there is a brain that won her a scholarship to the University, an M.A. degree, and a degree in Law as well, all at an age when many girls are thinking of nothing but next week's programme at the pictures.

Then there is Ellen Wilkinson, another board school girl who won a scholarship to Manchester University and became an M.A. At the university she won honours in history. Since then she has been making it.

Some people make the mistake of thinking she is a "flapper." Actually, she will be forty next year, but her petite figure and her brilliant red hair and sparkling eyes would make her pass for thirty anywhere.

Before the war she was a suffra-

gist organiser. In her spare time she drives a motor-car and plays golf. She has a very bitter tongue when she wants to use it, and once told Mrs. Snowden, in public, that she "ought to be slapped."

There are few women whom the Prime Minister holds in higher esteem than Mrs. Mary Hamilton—or "Mollie," as everyone at Westminster calls her. She has written his biography and a number of very successful novels besides.

But she has the brain of a very able economist as well as the ready pen of a writer. Whenever the Premier wants a first-class economist whom he can trust on a committee, he sends for Mrs. Hamilton.

Unlike some of her women colleagues, she does not believe in talking for talking's sake. She prefers to get on with the job!

Her quarter million

Another competent economist is Dr. Marion Phillips, who won her D.Sc. (Econ.) with a gold medal and other distinctions at London after coming from Australia.

She is now an M.P., but most of her work lies in running the women's department of the Labour Party organisation.

Under her direction a quarter of a million women have been enrolled as active working members of the Party.

Then there are three outstanding titled women among Labour's rulers.

Lady Cynthia Mosley, the daughter of Marquess Curzon and wife of Sir Oswald Mosley, is perhaps best known of them all. She has two little children—whom she recently nursed through chicken-pox—and she is only just over thirty.

A good many people prophesy that she and Oswald will one day be presiding over affairs at No. 10, Downing Street.

Land-girls' leader

Next is Lady Mabel Smith, the sister of the Earl of Fitzwilliam. She is standing for a seat on the national executive.

During the war she helped to run the Land Girls' Army, and now she directs the affairs of her own farm and is one of Yorkshire's leading authorities on pig-breeding.

Lady Noel-Buxton is the third of these titled women. A few

"Will be the first ex-domestic to sit
in Parliament"—Jessie Stephen

months ago she became M.P. for North Norfolk, when her husband was made a peer.

Before she married Noel she was a Tory, and led a raging campaign against him when he fought for the seat as a Liberal. "No Noel for North Norfolk" was her slogan during the fight.

Then he fought the seat as a Labour man, and she opposed him again. Then they married and she was converted.

Next time when he fought as a Labour man, she was helping him on his platform. And now she won the seat for herself!

Miss Edith Picton Turber, M.P., is another woman who is becoming increasingly important. She is one of the leaders of the Y.W.C.A. and a pulpit preacher of some renown.

Diana to-day

Not long ago she won the archery championship of South Wales, on the conference floor or in the House of Commons she can off her arguments with the same deadly aim as she shoots arrows from her bow.

Not all of the women who will be power in shaping Labour's destiny, however, will be on the floor of the conference. Some of them will be in their important parts behind the scenes.

There is Mrs. Snowden, for example, who has withdrawn herself from politics so that she can stand behind her husband; Isobel MacDonald, a tip-top platform speaker, who denies herself the limelight and stays at home to her widower father gets a great deal of comfort; Rose Rosenberg, the Premier's dark-eyed, little private secretary—but why try to catalogue them all?

One thing is certain. When the Labour Party made the women its partners in its affairs, it did a good thing for itself and for the nation, as well as for the world.



"Fiery little M.P. for Middlesbrough"

Commons one day and asking me for a match.

"I've just flown from Cologne," she said. "We were buffeted about in a terrible gale all the way. And now I just want a cigarette to calm my nerves before I go in and reply to Neville."

And after a few puffs at a "gasper" she walked into the Chamber and delivered one of the most devastating attacks on Mr. Neville Chamberlain's policy to which that statesman has ever had to listen.

Her one weakness is for cigarettes. As soon as she finishes one she lights up another. But it doesn't seem to do her any harm.

Tyrannies she saw

Margaret Bondfield is a much different type of woman. She began life in a lacemaker's cottage down in Somerset, and worked behind the counter in a London drapery store after leaving school.

The tyrannies she saw the shop girls suffering made her throw in her lot with the Shop Assistants' Union.

Very few people know it, but nowadays she spends much of her spare time in Church work. She is a member of the



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A Glorious Roll of MODERN MARTYRS

ONLY hundreds remember their names, when millions should call them blessed. They are the X-ray martyrs of Britain who, enduring indescribable agonies and miseries for humanity's sake, fade into obscurity to await with fortitude the inevitable end.

A handful of men, they are scattered about the country, with dreadful tokens of the risks they took in those days when no safeguards had been found to defeat the perils of the naked ray.

For having relieved the sufferings of millions, for having achieved that pioneer work which has made for safe operation in the future, they pay a poignant price.

Many have died deaths that make the wounds of war seem easy. Others live on with bodies scarred and mutilated. Limbs have gone, and the spectre of further operations looms ahead. Eyesight has faded. Strength and action have degenerated.

ANOTHER gallant martyr has just paid a further instalment of the price of his service to the ray in the London Hospital.

He is Mr. Ernest Henry Harnack, a grand old man of sixty-five; early X-ray pioneer, a dauntless humanitarian. If ever a man were master of his fate and captain of his soul, it is he.

It is some time since he lost the whole of his left hand and the fingers of his right. Over a dozen operations were performed. But he carried on, doing what work he could. His spirit was unquenchable.

But now the inevitable has happened. They have removed his second hand altogether. Relentless X-ray dermatitis has done its work. He must face the last days of his life helpless, but for the care of a devoted wife and a manservant, his reward a modest pension.

Words cannot describe the awful certainty of the disease. It is a vampire life-eater. Operation succeeds operation. Some of its victims have endured as many as twenty.

It attacks where it pleases. From the fingers to the hand, and from the hand to the arm. From the toes to the feet, from the feet to the legs.

But its victims have the consolation of knowing that those who follow them will never be forced to endure any such sufferings, for methods of protection have now been almost perfected, and there will be no more martyrs.

Of the little regiment who remain all have not found life easy, even apart from their physical afflictions.

IT is only a year since the country was stirred to compassion by the sorry plight of Mr. Alfred Smith, one of the first X-ray operators in Britain, and a veteran among the martyrs.

He was discovered to be living with his wife in a little village a few miles from Louth (Lincs). Their home—if such it could be called—was an old Army hut which had been bought in sections for £20.

There was no running water; the

Mr. E. H. Harnack:
"A further instalment of his price..."



He worked to end this martyrdom—the late Sir Archibald Reid

sanitary arrangements were crude. The outlook was a wild field. Chickens were their only companions.

Here, then, lived Mr. Smith in the autumn of his days. He was a year off sixty years of age. One leg had been amputated, his sight was rapidly fading; his arms and hands were gradually growing more useless. And always he was in pain.

HE and his wife had to make ends meet on 35s. a week, much of which paltry sum was eaten up in a desperate effort to make a better living out of their hens.

But how could they forget that but a few years before they had a beautiful home with every convenience and many luxuries, for before the life-eating disease had seized him Mr. Smith could easily earn £30 a week.

For four and a half years he suffered acute agony. Seventeen operations were performed, and the cruellest blow of all fell actually on Armistice Day, when his leg was amputated.

The world's tragedy had ended, but Mr. Smith's had scarcely begun.

His savings went. So did his home. Even his precious X-ray equipment was sold. For a time he lived in a cheap lodging-house.

Yet, at the height of his suffering, he did not consider himself a hero because, as he said, the early pioneers did not dream that the boon to mankind which they operated would take such deadly toll.

The fortitude of these heroes of science is astonishing. They bear their cross of pain and affliction with a cheerfulness and, at the same time, a resignation that has surely scarcely been rivalled on the battlefield of any war.

Only the other day, Dr. Stanley Mel-

ville, founder and honorary secretary of the X-ray and Radium Protection Committee, confessed with a bright smile that he was soon going to have one of his own fingers off.

He confessed also that his X-ray burns became so malignant that there were days when "I could curse everybody."

BUT they never do "curse," these heroes. Whatever their emotions may be in private, in public they are veiled with an optimism—that is, when one realises the scars beneath deeply pathetic.

Perhaps it is that they have a secret glory in the gifts of service they have made to science and to humanity.

Dr. Melville, for instance, was one of three men who did more than any others to lessen the perils of the ray and to protect the operators of the future.

The investigations of the late Sir Archibald Douglas Reid, of St. Thomas' Hospital, Dr. Robert Knox, of Harley Street, and himself, have never, indeed, been adequately lauded. But their work will live for ever.

Such a compensation must also have heartened the last days of Dr. John W. L. Spence, who died a victim of the deadly dermatitis early this year.

His memory should be revered particularly by children, for it was on behalf of the little ones that much of his agony was endured.

His research work in bone disease, mainly in infants, has left its permanent mark in the annals of science.

In 1916 his right arm was amputated below the elbow, but, nothing daunted, he carried on until further amputations ate away at his other hand.

Another great martyr was Dr. Chisholm Williams. Well was he called the "Beloved Doctor." One of his hands was amputated and he completely lost the use of the other.

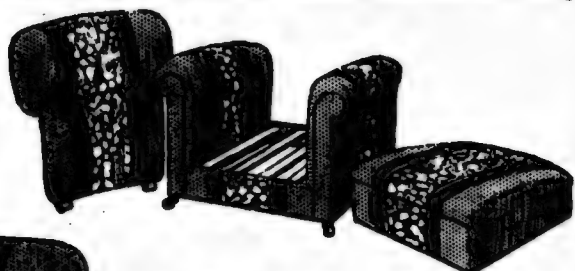
YET during the days of his retirement, racked with pain, pestered with inconveniences, he smiled with a noble philosophy.

It is a great and gallant roll of honour—the names of those pioneers who have passed away. Each and all can be said to have sacrificed their lives to humanity.

There was Dr. Orton, of St. Mary's Hospital; Dr. Augustus Parsons, of the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich; Mr. R. G. Blackall, who lost both hands; Mr. Pringle, of the Prince of Wales' Hospital, another who lost both hands; Dr. Alfred Caleb Taylor, of Peterborough; and Dr. J. Hall-Edwards, of Birmingham, who lost his hand and arm—and many more.

All of them died happy warriors in one of the bravest battles ever fought for science.

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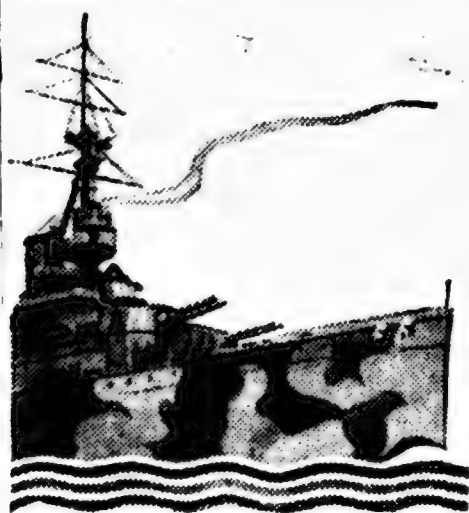
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A Vamp with a HALO



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AMONG all the rogues whose arrest and conviction we have secured by giving publicity to their operations there have been few women, for, happily, though fair adventuresses are legion, persistent criminal types are rare.

In the latter category we are bound to place a beautiful young woman of many aliases, who was christened as "Doris Baker" thirty-four years ago in Willesden by her humble, but highly respectable, parents.

She was operating very successfully when JOHN BULL, alone of all the Press, unmasked her as a callous and hardened criminal, preying upon victims all over the country.

She was then posing as an ardent supporter of the Salvation Army.

Widowed, it seemed, in early life, she was ostensibly devoting her remaining years and fortune to the army's good cause.

Actually, it was a sanctimonious cloak for more nefarious operations, and under the title, "Evangelist's Lurid Exploits," we said so, devoting considerable space to an exposure of her methods, and demanding her arrest.

That arrest has now followed, and Doris Baker gone to prison for a well-merited sentence.

When Doris Baker first left her Willesden home to face the fortunes of the outer world, she looked a neat, respectable, working-class girl.

Hotel robbery

Eventually she obtained a post as cashier at a London hotel, where the pageant of well-dressed, carefree women passed before her.

She longed to emulate the ladies of fashion, and daily despised her humble status more and more.

Had she applied herself diligently to her labours, she might have attained many of her ambitions honourably; but she sought a short cut, robbed her employers, and found herself behind prison-bars instead.

That was ten years ago.

On her release, from trumpery thefts she worked her way up to more ambitious coups until by the time of our exposure she had transformed herself into a dazzling figure.

And, with the sophistication and polish acquired by years of living by her wits, she came to shrug her shoulders at the law, knowing that her male victims were so compromised that they would shrink from giving evidence against her.

In the underworld she became known as "Adorable Doris." Everybody, even her rivals, admired her beauty and resource.

So numerous have been her exploits that the selection of examples presents quite a problem.

Sole capital—wits

Unquestionably, one of her most audacious ventures was her last, perpetrated at Douglas, Isle of Man.

In the name of Mrs. Doreen Groves, she descended upon Douglas some months ago, and, posing as a wealthy widow, negotiated for the purchase of a large residence known as Wharncliffe.

This she proceeded to furnish lavishly on credit, producing the most imposing references.

She made an appealing figure in her widow's weeds, and no one suspected that she was really a single young woman, whose sole capital lay in her wits.

A rumour which she set afloat that she was related to a famous titled family was accepted without question.

Nor did the Salvation Army, when once she had gained entry to the ranks of the local contingent, imagine that her religious pose was adopted solely to further her criminal exploits.



There was an adventuress under his banner—The Salvation Army's General Higgins

One day a Salvation Army officer, who happened to work at the Douglas Gas Company's office, called at the magnificent residence of Mrs. Doreen Groves to read the meter.

He had noticed and spoken to the beautiful Doreen at the army's meetings, so he may be forgiven for feeling honoured by the gracious reception she accorded him on the occasion of his visit in this official capacity.

He may also be forgiven for entertaining no suspicion when this charming lady called upon him a few weeks later in her Salvation Army costume to request a favour.

She smilingly informed the trusting man that she was worth thousands, and that the interest from one investment alone brought her in £6 a week.

"Army" victims

It was her practice, she said, to live on her interest and to leave her capital intact.

But she had just received word from her London solicitors that a further fortune, amounting to thousands, had been left her, and could be paid over at once, provided she sent £75 to pay the necessary fees.

She therefore asked for a loan of £40 to save her from disturbing her invested capital, and the trusting dupe wrote out a cheque on the spot.

A little later Mrs. Doreen Groves called again, this time in obvious distress, to say that the young son of her aunt had got himself into serious difficulties in England and would be imprisoned unless she could send a substantial sum at once.

The widow leaves

A cheque for £700 on account of her new fortune had arrived too late for banking that day, but if her fellow-Salvationist could advance her £200 she could pay him back next morning.

The man hadn't £200 left at the bank, but believing her story and that she owned the lavishly-furnished house in which she was residing, overdrawn his account.

Next day, when Mrs. Groves tendered a plausible excuse instead of fulfilling her promise to repay, the dupe was forced to realise on all his possessions to meet the cheque he had drawn.

Then the beautiful widow disappeared, and a series of amazing disclosures followed.

There were victims everywhere, some of whom had been duped for larger sums than the amounts involved in the case cited.

The house and furniture had been obtained by false pretences, and tradespeople on all sides had been defrauded.

Youth spellbound

One of the most pathetic victims was a poor widow who had been persuaded to part with £30, believing she was helping Mrs. Groves in an emergency.

When Doreen disappeared she was accompanied by a young man of twenty-one—also a Salvation Army officer.

Completely under her spell, this youth accompanied her from place to place, spending all he had up to her in the belief that they would soon be happily married when her financial affairs were settled.

When she had bled him white and his parents refused to answer his appeals for funds, she left him without compunction and pursued a lone course in a search for fresh dupes.

Her escapades, which were nearly always cloaked with a religious pose, were perpetrated almost daily, and complaints arose in places as far apart as Scarborough and Worthing, Chichester and Blackpool, Conway and Torquay, Honiton and Bradford, Colchester and Otley, Bournemouth and Middlesbrough.

Her hauls ranged from £2 to £500, while she frequently left her hotel bills unpaid and indulged in larceny at the expense of fellow-guests.

Charms that blinded

Her names have been as numerous as her coups. They include Doris Brookes, Ivy Baker, Mildred Delworth, Elsie Thomas, Gladys Hamilton, Audrey Selworth, Adeline Carlton and Mildred Butcher.

No one knew better than she the value of sex-appeal combined with religious fervour, and although she is out of harm's way for some time to come, there are still many of her victims who were so blinded by her charms that they retain implicit faith in her to this day.

They still believe that her tales of a pending legacy are true, and that she will eventually pay back every penny she has had.

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TOOTH PASTE. A large tube costs only 1/-
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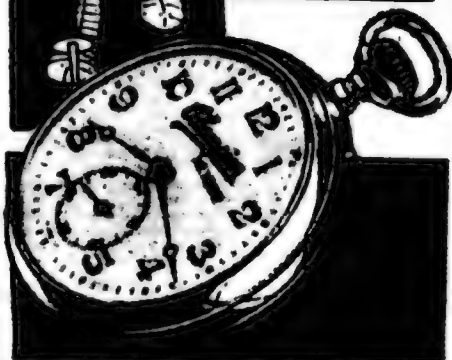
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H.C.T.

The Mighty MITE

The Poor are the
Cheerful Givers

CHARITY, the dictionary tells us, is "Christian good feeling, or kindness," yet there is probably no other word in our language that is so slightly used.

"As cold as charity" is a phrase that has long enjoyed currency; "Alas, for the rarity of Christian charity..." wrote Hood; and sentiments akin to these have been echoed from time immemorial.

Even the announcement of a magnificent bequest moves many people to make unkind comment: "Must have something on his conscience!" they will say; or "Atoning for some past wrong, I suppose."

But for all this, real, warm-hearted charity is being performed around us every day; and for every big act that gains publicity there are a thousand of which we hear nothing.

In our issue for August 30, for instance, we addressed an open letter to Mrs. Polly Donkin, a fishwife, of Cullercoats.

Fishwives' £1,000

It is unlikely that the public would ever have come to know of this lady otherwise, for she represents one of the thousands whose charities are not proclaimed to the world.

We wrote to congratulate her because, in her own home area, she had collected £57 16s. 9d. for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

Now, we are pleased to note, her splendid work has received official recognition, and she has been presented with a gold brooch by the institution she has served so well.

Hers is a remarkable feat for the wife of a fisherman in a small North Country village, but better still is the sum of £156, which is the total raised by the fishwives of Cullercoats.

This money has been collected in pennies and shillings, and the collection has been made annually for the past nine years.

During that period the fishwives have raised altogether £1,054 for the Lifeboat Institution.

Of course, the menfolk helped. The summer exercises of the Cullercoats lifeboat is usually the occasion taken for launching the appeal, something of the sort being the practice all round the coast.

Though these islands are small, the coastline—over 5,000 miles—is long and dangerous.

"Dispute the seas"

Dwellers far inland recognise that coast as their trade counter, along which 100 million tons of shipping are entered and cleared every year, and ships approaching our shores in dangerous weather rely with pride on their fellow-seamen, the lifeboat crew.

As Joseph Conrad, himself a seaman for thirty years, said: "We can be sure always that the lifeboatmen, husbands and fathers, would go out on a black

night without hesitation to dispute our homeless fate with the angry seas."

The heroic men of Rye and many other fishing villages are the foundations of this belief. And for a cause in which they risk their lives other workmen throughout the country are ready to give generously.

Works collections in the various industrial centres contributed over £7,000 last year to the funds of the Lifeboat Institution. The men of the L.M.S. Railway alone contributed over £890.

The hospitals, too, rely with confidence on the working-man. Back in the 1870's, the Earl of Meath and Cardinal Manning began to tap this source in a systematic way when they organised the Hospital Saturday Fund.

To-day this society, run by working-men and collecting money from working-men, is able to disburse thousands of pounds yearly to hospital sanatoria and dispensaries throughout the country.

The money which makes such a huge benefaction possible has been collected in pennies and twopences among themselves, and on their own initiative, by employees in almost every business concern in Britain, and remitted by the diligent collectors to the central office.

The magic penny

The first year's collection amounted to £8,463—last year it rose to £82,616.

An analysis of the revenue of a great London hospital has revealed that three-fifths of its income is derived from contributions of a shilling and less. One-sixth of it is in pennies.

Another hospital, depending wholly on subscriptions, counts for nearly a third of its annual income on patients and their subscription clubs.

Often poor people who have at some time been treated—paying what they could afford when in hospital—continue to make a small annual contribution for the rest of their lives.

Then various groups of workmen maintain regularly some charitable effort connected with their peculiar employment.

£OTS OF FUN

And earn while you enjoy yourself. Turn right away to page 36 for details of JOHN BULL's fair and square £600 Cross-word contest.



"Tossing the giant"—a real game for East End kiddies entertained at Tinsworth by a Guards' regiment.

'Busmen, for instance, are in the habit of giving summer outings to hundreds of children during the season.

London General Omnibus Company garages in all parts of London and the suburbs take children from the surrounding districts on country trips.

Hang the meter!

As many as a dozen buses are needed at a time to convey the children to these outings. Drivers and conductors give their own time and money to the good work.

But even greater self-sacrifice is displayed by the taxi-drivers of London who lose income every minute they are away from the streets on charitable missions.

Yet the practice of giving city children outings in the country is increasing among taxi-men.

The children are able to sample every diversion of a visit to a seaside holiday town, and the long drive there and back is a thrill in itself.

Miners practise a form of charity peculiar to themselves. At the pithead of a Tredegar colliery the other day Will Thomas might have been seen selling the tickets in a "stop-watch" competition in aid of a miner who, with a family dependent on him, was stricken with a long and painful illness.

The holder of the ticket bearing the exact minute at which the watch ran down took the prize, and the sick collier received £51.

Tommies' good turn

The men of the Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards), stationed at Tidworth, met the cost from their own pockets recently of the fares and maintenance of a number of boys from towns and cities whom they invited to spend a fortnight in camp with them.

Working men in agricultural districts are generous donors. The members of the Trowbridge Working Men's Benevolent Society appear in the Royal Surgical Aid Society's report as being the life subscribers of nearly £50 and the annual subscribers of £21.

The annual subscriptions of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children amount to well over £80,000, and the women who make the house-to-house collections do not ask a penny for their services.

Charity, truly, has its beginnings among the poor.

Colds and how to cure them!



At the first suspicion of a heavy cold, or if you have a cough or sore throat, stir a spoonful of "Atora" the good Beef Suet into a glass of hot milk and drink it in sips as hot as you can. Do this either sitting up in bed or just before going to bed. It is an old-world remedy; a common-sense remedy; a remedy recommended by medical and health authorities to-day, and the most inexpensive remedy of all.

"Atora" and hot milk soothes the chest and throat racked with coughing. Its continued use is recommended for all who suffer from weak chests or bronchial ailments.

Hugon's 'ATORA' The Good BEEF SUET

Send postcard for our free Recipe Booklet.—
Hugon & Co., Ltd., the originators of Refined
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What Made His HAIR GROW?

Read His Letter for the Answer.



"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head."

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko."

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

Test-Box Coupon.

To JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street (33 RD), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

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EVERY lady should write at once for the Graves Display of Coats, Costumes, Dress frocks, and Robes for all occasions, all made in the best style & offered at the keenest prices on Easy Terms.

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J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.



"You never saw the like of it!" says Mrs. Rawlins

'The time it took to mix starch when I first began to 'do' was something chronic, Mum! There was some as put in one thing and some as put in another. We thought well of ourselves if the iron didn't stick. But nowadays it's as easy as shelling peas. There's no waiting with Robin Starch. Mixes quick and easy. Has a gloss in it that sends the iron along like a tram.

Useful as another pair of hands is Robin, when it comes to breaking the back of a heavy wash. I'd sooner forget me apron than the Robin, any time! Then there's the finish Robin gives. A proper dazzlement of a finish! Robin, Mum! Made by Reckitt's. Them's the folks that understands our troubles.'

ROBIN Starch

RECKITT & SONS, LTD., HULL & LONDON

An Amazing Offer. Gifts first—while collecting coupons.

AMAZING as the value of the gifts given with "NAVY CLUB" Cigarettes has been, Fabian's now offer a 15 Guinea 5-Valve "DENNIS" Super Suit-case Portable Radio, fully guaranteed, no aerial, no earth, no gadgets, plays wherever you take it, for 60 Coupons down, provided readers will undertake to send every month not less than 60 Coupons until a total of 600 are sent in. 4 Guineas for Royalty, Valves and Batteries ensures immediate delivery of the Set so that readers can enjoy listening in while collecting the required number of Coupons. If desired, a correspondingly larger number of Coupons may be sent in place of the cash for Royalty, Valves, and Batteries, in which case write for the special Order Form and particulars of the extra Coupons to be collected.

Send at once for full particulars of this offer, explaining how you can get the "DENNIS" 5-Valve Super Suit-case Portable without any cash payment whatsoever, and collect Coupons afterwards, and also for list of other gifts. Write to L. & J. FABIAN (Dept. C.B.27), 74, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Cut this out for reference.

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Contains only goods of warranted excellence & unquestionable merit. Two super quality All Wool Yorkshire Blankets. Not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders and whipped edges, 63 x 84ins, weight 8lbs pair. Two white Fleecy Blankets whipped edges, 48 x 9 ins. 54lbs pr. Two White Pillow Cases, 20x36in. One Bolster Case to match 20x60. Two heavy unbleached Bolton Twill hemmed Sheets, 70x90ins, weight 4lbs. One Fadeless Albamra Quilt, 74 x 94ins. Weight 3lbs. One Bed Rug, check design, whipped edges, 60 x 80in. One Wadded Quilt 66 x 83ins, 4lbs. Price £4.10.0

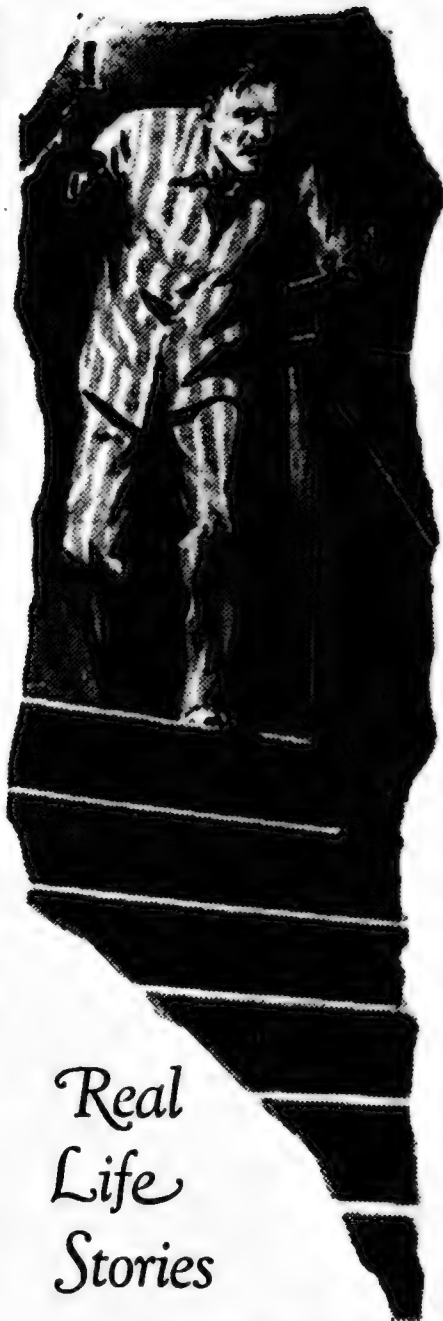
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Keep a box by your bedside!

When you awake does your throat feel constricted or parched? That is a sign of "morning mouth." An "Allenburys" Pastille sucked immediately on waking brings a sweet cleanness to the mouth and a contented throat. The juice of fresh ripe black currants, together with pure glycerine, make them so delightfully refreshing.

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Real
Life
Stories

by Famous
Authors

*Cut this out
and try it!*

An Elizabeth Craig Recipe—

DOUGHNUTS

1 lb. flour. 1 egg.
1/2 teaspoonful grated nutmeg.
1 1/2 level teaspoonfuls

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

2 oz. sugar. Milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, sugar and spice into a basin. Beat egg well, add a tablespoonful of milk, and mix into dry ingredients, adding more milk as required to make a slack dough. Turn on to a floured board, knead a little, then roll out. Cut first into large rounds. Then cut out the centre of the cakes with a smaller cutter, forming them into rings. Fry in smoking-hot fat to a pale gold. Remove, drain on paper, and dust with fine sugar.

"HOME-MADE"
WITH
BORWICK'S
MEANS PERFECT
CAKES & PASTRIES

A TRUTH-STORY by J. S. Fletcher

My Rest Cure

and quiet, for my nerves were in a somewhat ragged condition, and I was, of course, weak, as a result of my month's illness.

The hotel was all that an hotel should be, but it was full of guests, all of whom were holiday-making, and, apparently, in the most robust health; the atmosphere was too lively for a tired man.

I needed something more peaceful. And so, next morning, after breakfast, I walked along the coast to seek for some spot, some other refuge, in which one could be sure of being able to go to bed at ten o'clock without the certainty of being kept awake by music and dancing.

That was a very quiet and lonely line of coast, indented by little bays. In one of them, at a distance of three or four miles from the place from which I had set out, I suddenly came across—as I thought—exactly what I was looking for.

There, in the centre of the bay, set in a neat garden and lawns, stood a small hotel, smart and attractive in appearance, and isolated from the other houses and fishermen's cottages of the place.

I walked up to it, noting as I passed through its grounds that the lawns were trim and the flower-beds free from weeds. The place was certainly well looked after.

The front door of the hotel was open, and I walked in. And here I may as well give my readers some notion of the interior arrangements.

I FOUND myself in a wide hall, well furnished; as a matter of fact, the whole place was well furnished.

On the right was a sort of bar-parlour, cosy and inviting, with a goodly array of bottles and glassware on the shelves behind the bar. On the left (all the doors were open) was a comfortable-looking sitting-room.

At the end of the hall was a dining or coffee room. And in the centre of the hall was the first flight of a broad staircase giving access to the upper regions.

Everything appeared to be spotlessly

clean. It was what one would call a bright house. But—there seemed to be nobody in it!

I tapped my stick several times on the tessellated pavement of the hall without eliciting any response.

I walked into the bar-parlour. There was a fine, particularly massive old table in the centre, and on it stood a handbell. I rang that once, twice, thrice. Still nobody came.

Then I tried knocking on the door with my stick, loudly—and suddenly I was aware that somebody or something had come! I turned sharply.

A girl stood there. Where she came from, or how, I could not make out. But there she was. A girl, perhaps eighteen or nineteen, tall, dressed, clean—but strange.

She had a pale face, and pale eyes, and her hair was without lustre; altogether she looked as if she had been washed and ironed and mangled and sent out again with all the original fibre and life taken out of her.

(Continued on page 30)

IT needs no effort of imagination on my part to tell this story! Some of my readers may regard the word "story" as being synonymous with the word "fiction"; let me assure them that there is no fiction in what is now going to be set down.

It will be a plain, unadorned narration of actual facts and happenings, from the first to the last word, and when it has been read most people who have read it will not wonder that the memory of those happenings and facts is, after a long lapse of time, as vivid and fresh in the mind of the narrator as if they had occurred but yesterday.

Many years ago, when I was living in a certain North Country town, a sharp and sudden attack of illness sent me into a local hospital.

I was there, in a private ward, for a month. At the end of that month the doctors told me I was fit to leave. One of them advised me to go straight from the hospital to some quiet seaside resort, and stay there for at least a fortnight before resuming my journalistic work.

THAT advice fitted in very well with my inclinations. I went home, packed a portmanteau, put money in my purse, and proceeded to the station—with no particular idea as to where I was going.

At the station (probably because a train was leaving for it within ten minutes) I decided on a certain place on the north-west coast, well known for its charm and beauty, and having the further advantage of being in close proximity to the Lake District.

By nightfall I was there, and safely housed in its principal hotel.

Now—according to the doctors—what I chiefly needed at that time was rest



Drawn by Woods

"... Growling, screaming, moaning like wild beasts. ... I heard the banisters crack, break ..."

When Summer ends-

MISTY mornings and falling leaves tell of the approach of the long, dark, dreary winter. It is easy to be healthy in the summer, but it is most difficult to maintain that summer health when winds are cold and skies are leaden with rain or snow.

But the sunshine has done more than give summer health to individuals. It has ripened the waving barley—filled it also with summer health. Soon it will be turned into malt—retaining still all the health elements the sun has put into it. The grass—also irradiated with sunshine—has been made into hay for the winter food of the cows. The milk they will give will retain those summer health elements.

Malt, milk and eggs—brimful of summer health—made into "Ovaltine" for you to enjoy summer health when summer has departed. Right through winter's darkest days you will be fortified against coughs and colds and winter ailments, and enabled to maintain that sense of physical and mental fitness you have experienced during the last few months.

Remember that every ingredient of "Ovaltine" supplies rich health-giving nutriment. The egg constituent is specially valuable, because eggs provide lecithin (organic phosphorus)—an essential requirement for building up brain and nerves.

Make this perfect product of the summer's sunshine your daily beverage. Commence to-day. There is nothing to equal the concentrated goodness it supplies to every part of your system. Every element necessary for health is contained in this delicious and fragrant beverage. It is the most economical form of concentrated nourishment in the world.

Prices in Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland,
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.



'Betty!'



Do lend us
one of your
Reckitt's Bath Cubes!



'Betty-ee, you are mean if you don't.' 'But Betty—!' 'Just one.' 'Nice Betty.' (Betty complying, the children vanish into the bathroom, whence a new clamour issues) . . . 'Don't, Daphie—you're spilling some—hold it over the water.' 'Doesn't it smell lovely, Daph—like the garden when it's been raining' . . . 'Doesn't it feel nice—like peaches' . . . 'Betty, we do like your bath cubes.'

RECKITT'S BATH CUBES

Reckitt's Bath Cubes can be obtained in four perfumes—*Lily of the Valley*, *Lavender*, *Verbena* and *Essence of Flowers*—from all Grocers, Chemists, Stores, etc., at 2d. each or in cartons of 6 cubes for 1/-

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It's just as simple as that—no razor—no irritation—no unpleasant odour—no bother—no bristly regrowth.

1 Apply VEET, a dainty perfumed cream, straight from the tube.

2 After a few minutes wash off. Not a hair remains, not even a shadow.

3 And the skin is soft and smooth, as if there never had been any hair on it.

H.P. SAUCE

The Sauce that's right for meat that's left

Thousands of housewives are thankful for such an easy solution to the problem of making cold meats appetising. You simply cannot resist the unique tempting deliciousness of H.P.

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FEODDYNE, the new scientific solvent process stops the torturing pain of the most sensitive bunion almost instantly and reduces the large, disfiguring growth so quickly you'll soon wear smaller, trimmer shoes with ease and comfort.
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A SMART COAT

gives pleasure both to the wearer and her friends. You can dress beautifully without extravagant outlay if you go the right way about it. Charming Furs, Stylish Costumes, Coats and Frocks, Corsets, Underwear, Hosiery, Dress Lengths, Footwear and all women's dress requirements. Easy Monthly Payments. Write for Catalogue and Patterns of anything you want. 30 years character for straightforward trading.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

She lost 28 lbs of fat

Remarkable Success of New Oxygen Treatment

No drugs—No dieting

Here's good news for fat folk. It started with the discovery of a French physician that oxygen injected under the skin burnt up fat and reduced weight.

Now comes the further discovery that Radox (radiates oxygen) acts on this same principle, only instead of being injected in this painful and expensive French manner, it supercharges your bath water with an abundance of this valuable oxygen gas.

When you take a hot bath containing 6 tablespoonfuls of Radox Bath Salts, the salts open up the skin pores, and together with the oxygen which Radox liberates penetrate the pores and act on the fatty deposits under the skin, turning them into soluble matter which is dissolved by the water and carried away into the bath. Deeper-seated fatty deposits move up to take the place of the dissolved fatty deposits, and are in turn dissolved by further Radox reducing baths which should be taken at intervals of 3 days to obtain maximum effect.

No matter what other course you have adopted, with the additional aid of Radox Baths a more rapid reduction of weight will unfailingly result. Here is proof from a gratified user who lost 28 lbs. of fat without drugs, dieting or strenuous exercises:—

"I am pleased to tell you I have lost two inches round the waist and hips, and when I tell you I weighed 16 stone last summer and I am 14 stone this summer I do not think the result is so bad."

(Miss) E. L., London, N.W.3.

21st August, 1930.

Get a packet of Radox to-day. A half-pound costs 1/6 at any chemist's, 2/6 double quantity.



Mullard

THE MASTER VALVE

RECEIVING AMPLIFYING RECTIFYING

Advt. The Mullard Wireless Service Co., Ltd., Mullard House, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2

"My Rest Cure"—Continued from page 28

Also, she looked as if she didn't even want to speak. And when I asked her if I could get a quiet and comfortable room there, she didn't speak.

All she did was to motion me to follow her up the stairs, close by the head of which she opened the door of a bedroom looking out on the sea, and exactly what I desired.

I asked her two or three questions: she nodded a reply to most of them. When she did speak, it was only in monosyllables, and her voice was as frail as her general appearance.

To cut this part of the story short, I told the girl I would take the room and would return with my luggage before evening; then I went downstairs to the bar-parlour, and she got me a drink—all in silence.

As soon as she had taken my money for the drink, she vanished. I sat for a while, resting. No one came in. The house was as quiet as the grave—a well-worn but eminently appropriate simile.

Finally, when I went away, after being there perhaps half an hour in all, I had seen no living person about the place but this curious and puzzling girl.

There was a little station near this hotel, and, strolling over to it, I found that a train was just due for the place whereat I had spent the previous night, so I caught it and went back to my former hotel for lunch.

Late in the afternoon I left it and returned by discovery.

Leaving my portmanteau at the little station, I walked up to the mysterious hotel.

In the grounds

I saw a man. He was weeding a flower-bed. I supposed him to be the odd-job man of the place, and a very disreputable-looking one at that!—a little, shifty-eyed scrub of a fellow, dressed very little better than a scarecrow.

HE touched his broken billycock hat on seeing me, and touched it again even more obsequiously when I gave him a shilling and bade him fetch my portmanteau up from the station.

He shambled off as fast as a pair of anything but straight legs would carry him, and I went forward into the house.

This time the mysterious girl came forward to meet me. She was now wearing a black dress and a white cap and apron, and she was more communicative.

She showed me the sitting-room and the coffee-room. We exchanged views as to meals. No—they never cooked dinners, at least, not at night.

We compromised on a sort of high tea. When she served it, I asked her if there was anybody else staying in the hotel. I was ready for her reply. There was no one else.

I had been advised by the doctors to keep out of doors as much as possible, so after the high tea—boiled eggs and mutton chops—I went out again. I remained out until half-past nine.

When I re-entered the hotel, now lighted up, the man whom I had taken for the odd-job man was sitting in the bar-parlour, all alone.

He had a glass of what looked like rum and water in front of him; his

hands rested on his knees; his eyes were staring at nothing.

When he heard me, he jumped into life, touched his forelock, and smiled weakly. I went into the sitting-room and wrote some letters.

THIS occupied me till nearly half-past ten; then, feeling tired, I set out for bed. The odd-job man, as I considered him to be, still sat in the bar-parlour, still alone, still with a—no doubt replenished—glass in front of him.

And it suddenly dawned upon me that he was neither odd-job man nor gardener, but the landlord!

I went up to my room. Just as I was about to get into bed I heard footsteps coming up the drive: a moment



"The little back ants found Lew before any one else did..."

This was the memory that bit into the Captain's brain like the fangs of a snake.

THE CAPTAIN

Next week's
Real Life Story

by

Vance Palmer

later I heard a man's voice downstairs.

Then began a murmur of talk—evidently some man had entered, and he and the landlord had begun a conversation.

The woodwork of that place was not good; there were cracks in the door panels; I could hear that murmur of talk going on, and on, and on...

I was awakened out of a deep sleep by a scream or shriek that would have roused the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus! It was accompanied by the crashing of glass, and that was followed by the concussion of some heavy body against another.

And the next instant I was sitting up in bed, heart thumping and pulses beating, listening to the sounds of as infernal a fight as ever two madmen engaged in.

Half-dazed though I was, I knew what had happened. The two men downstairs had drunk themselves fighting mad, and now they were at it hammer and tongs.

And there was I, weak as a cat from my illness, alone in that hotel with them! For the girl didn't count—moreover, she might be sleeping out.

I jumped out of bed and lighted a candle—there was no gas in the room, and, needless to say, no electric light—and looked at my watch.

It was just after twelve o'clock; the two men must have been together, drinking, for an hour and a half.

Then—I was going to say I listened, but there was no need for listening.

Isolated though the hotel was, it had always been a puzzle to me that the noise these two made did not rouse the fisher-folk in their huts half a mile away.

But I cautiously opened the door, and mere crack. They were fighting in the little bar-parlour, just below.

When I say fighting, I mean that they were not only growling, screaming, moaning like wild beasts, but were smashing everything in the way of glass that lay ready to their hands.

And suddenly they transferred the scene of their operations to the hall, and one of them, screaming like a maniac, made for the staircase, only—as I surmised—to be seized and pulled back by the other.

I heard the banisters crack, break, the noise of smashed glass was succeeded by that of rent wood.

And at that I returned into my room and made shift to barricade the door by shoving first the bed and then a chest of drawers against it.

The fight went on, to the accompaniment of more shrieks and groans. They fought their way up the stairs to the first landing, close to my door, there was a window there, and it went with a crash.

Whether one man tried to throw the other out or not, I don't know, but they fought there a long time—that came to an end by both pitching head first downstairs again into the hall.

AND then came the crash of more glass to the accompaniment of more screaming—it seemed to me that they were either using glasses or bottles as weapons, or were smashing up everything in the way of glass that came to hand.

Suddenly there was a dead silence. That was almost worse to bear, in my nervous condition, than the row had been. Then I heard a man running away down the drive.

I looked out of the window and saw a figure cross the grounds and vanish through the front gate. So—one was gone! But what of the other?

Just as suddenly as the silence had fallen, so it was broken by a succession of fearsome sounds, which began with screams, sank to groans, sank further to low, continuous moaning.

There was no more sleep for me that night. Fortunately, there were two good-sized candles in the room; fortunately, too, I had tobacco in plenty, a flask of good whisky, and a book.

I read till dawn came: by half-past five I had packed up my belongings and made ready to quit. And then, lying down, fully dressed, to rest a bit, I fell asleep, and must have slept soundly, for when I woke it was nine o'clock.

I went downstairs, cautiously, expecting to find the place a wreck. There was no wreck; there was not so much as a broken glass! Everything was spick, span, tidy, clean.

I walked into the coffee-room: my breakfast was laid there; the queerly quiet girl was there; she bade me a composed good-morning, and asked whether I would have tea or coffee?

LOOKING out of the window, I saw the odd-looking landlord busy with his flower-beds. The whole atmosphere was one of peace. But...

I made some excuse for leaving hurriedly, paid my bill, and as soon as I had eaten my bacon and eggs and swallowed my tea, cleared out and back to the hotel in the neighbouring seaside town.

And that evening, getting into conversation with a man who came into the smoking-room, and who turned out to be a local physician, I told him of my experiences of the previous night. He listened, and at the end looked at me in a queer way.

"You must be psychic!" he said. "There was a murder in that house a few years ago. The previous landlord to the one you saw was left alone there one night; a neighbour of his, who had a grudge against him, got in and murdered him. And from what I remember, they had a terrible fight before the end came!"

Uncle Tom's Tip

"I am seventy-one years old," writes a subscriber to our "Greatest of These—" Fund (see page 38), "and my real happiness is seeing and making others happy. They call me Uncle Tom." Take Uncle Tom's tip, by helping our Fund, and be happy.

**MONTH AGO
I LOOKED
10 YEARS OLDER**



There were wrinkles about my eyes and mouth, enlarged pores, and an alarming amount of sagging.
To-day my complexion is every bit as good as my lovely debutante daughter's. It is entirely due to the wonderful discovery by Vienna University medical professors that the skin can eat. It can absorb nourishment and transform it into living, healthy tissues. Not age but under-nourishment causes wrinkles and sagging. I learned the foods prescribed by the famous doctors and in four weeks have made myself ten years younger. I hope that every woman past 25 may know the same joy.
Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour is guaranteed, against a forfeit of £1,000, to contain the nourishing elements the famous authorities say your skin needs to keep young. These are predigested olive oil and fresh cream, emulsified vegetable extracts and egg yolk, combined by scientific formula in Crème Tokalon Skinfood. In one night you will see an improvement almost beyond belief. Continued use gives a permanently young and beautiful complexion — fresh, firm, free from wrinkles. Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour is for use at night. Crème Tokalon Skinfood White (free from grease) is for use in morning. Success is guaranteed or money refunded. White, 1/- and 2/-; Rose, 1/3 and 2/-.

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You may think such an extraordinary offer of quality and value too good to be true, but "the proof of the pudding is in the eating" and you can have either of the instruments in your own home. Catalogue of Gramophone Bargains Post Free.
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The agony of Piles is quickly ended by the use of the wonderful salve, Man Zan. It is applied with special applicator, (supplied free of charge) from manufacturers on receipt of 1/- Free sample sent on application to J. De Witt & Co., Ltd. (Dept. A.6), London.
MAN ZAN

**YOU can make Extra Money while WE
reduce Unemployment**



**With the All-Best British
G.T.L. Tool Chest**

FOR the past 3½ years we have supplied an article which has filled a need experienced urgently and continuously by the 10,000,000 families of Great Britain by producing the G.T.L. All-Best British Tool Chest on terms to suit all pockets.

During this comparatively short period this new spurt to British Industry has resulted in the expenditure of over £200,000 towards the relief of Britain's most depressed industries. Thousands of people of all classes without Employment or Hope have been restored through the G.T.L. Tool Chest to permanent employment and help from the present day serious conditions throughout the country.

Thousands of letters have been received testifying to the value of the Money Making facilities offered by the G.T.L. Tool Chest. Every season, the contents of the chest have been improved by providing the finest workmanship without any increase in the price. Where one firm leads others are bound to follow, but no firm in this country dealing in tools can approach the G.T.L. Record.

Our seven days' Guarantee will continue for all time, which means that no customer is under any obligation if dissatisfied.

free
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Regardless of your occupation or position you can turn your spare time into a continuous and substantial profit by the Making or Repairing of all kinds of furniture and fixtures both in your own home and to sell.
If you will send the coupon below you will be able to read of the remarkable and varied experiences of the present owners of the G.T.L. Tool Chest.

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G.T.L. Tool Chest contains 50 Fine Sheffield Tools!

Fifty high quality articles—the finest Sheffield Tools are neatly fitted in steel clips, and they come to you direct from the manufacturers after being carefully tested. Everything for every purpose is here, and the G.T.L. Tool Chest stands alone in its quality, completeness and arrangement.

A few shillings bring the G.T.L. Tool Chest at once.

A first payment of a few shillings and the G.T.L. Tool Chest is sent at once to your Home. The balance can be paid by small monthly sums which you can choose, meanwhile the G.T.L. Tool Chest is making money for you.

To readers of "John Bull"

A beautiful 24-page Brochure describing the G.T.L. Tool Chest and how you can make money will be sent if you post the coupon.

COUPON. (A d. stamp is sufficient on an unsealed envelope)
TO: GUARANTEED TOOLS LIMITED
114-116, MARYLEBONE LANE, LONDON, W.1
Please send me by return, free of all cost and obligation, your beautiful, Illustrated Descriptive Book of the All-Best-British G.T.L. Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit, together with particulars of price, and how I can own the chest at once for a small first payment.

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Address.....

J.B.X1/30

Please write clearly

MEN OVER 40 GAIN NEW ENERGY

Modern life brings a great strain to men over 40. They lose energy, grow listless and apathetic mentally and physically just when they should be in their prime. That's why thousands are turning to a tried and trusted means of restoring new vigour and strength—Wincarnis. This famous tonic wine contains not only the juice of the grape, but meat extract and a guaranteed vitamin malt extract.

Its effect is simply remarkable. With the very first glass you seem to feel new life coursing through your veins. It tones you up and reinvigorates you. You feel a new man. And this instantaneous effect is a lasting effect, too. Take it regularly and you'll find you sleep better, have steadier, quieter nerves, get tired less easily, and grow stronger in every way.

Try Wincarnis to-day. 18,000 doctors say how good it is in cases of weakness, neuralgia, convalescence and for all who are run-down.

I Used To Envy Her Wonderful Complexion ...now I know the secret



"After the slightest exertion, such as a couple of dances, I used to find my skin glistening horribly and my nose shiny. I envied my friend's clear, fresh complexion. I never saw her use a powder puff, yet after dancing all the evening in a hot ballroom, she looked as fresh and dainty as when we arrived, whereas my complexion was completely spoiled.

On the way home, she told me the secret—a marvellous new discovery in face powders—Poudre Tokalon." Poudre Tokalon is the finest, lightest, air-floated powder, in which is scientifically blended, by a secret process, "Mousse de Cream." This makes the powder stay on in spite of wind and rain, or perspiration while dancing. Instead of the powder clogging the pores of the skin, it actually acts as a tonic and its continued use imparts a new and natural beauty. Try a shilling box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. Your friends will envy your new attractiveness and never guess it is not all your own natural beauty. 1/- a box, Large box (double 1/- size) 1/6.

3½ saved on every 1/-

3½d. a day saved. 365 days a year. Annual saving £5 2s. 7d. by using crisp, pure, easy-to-roll:—

ZIG-ZAG

CIGARETTE PAPERS

ANY EXCUSE FOR THE CAD IN THE CAR?

QUITE recently, at a dance, I met two girls whom I offered to run home in my car. As it was raining heavily, and they had to reach a village a couple of miles away, they gladly accepted.

When we parted, the rain was torrential, and I, driving rapidly to get through it, had the misfortune to run down a man in the dark. I stopped instantly and discovered the victim unconscious.

I got him into the car and rushed him to the nearest hospital, where he was found to be suffering from a broken arm and injuries to his side.

However, I was insured against third-party risks, so knew he would get compensation.

While he was in hospital, I decided it would be the right thing to visit his wife and give her my sympathy.

I found her to be a most attractive brunette of not more than thirty.

I did not stay long on my first visit, but I made others, and each time stayed longer.

Later we met at pre-arranged trysting-places, and on at least one occasion spent the whole day together.

At our last meeting we learned the dread fact that her husband's injuries are permanent, and that he will be paralysed for the rest of his life.

The moment his wife learned this, she implored me to run away with her that we might live together, as she could not fancy being tied to such an invalid.

Thoroughly ashamed of myself for the despicable part I had acted, I indignantly refused. This infuriated the lady. She burst into angry tears.

Since that night I have kept out of her way. But she bombards me with letters.

She has found out the address of the girl I am engaged to marry, and, failing my response to her demands for a lump sum of money, declares she will ruin my happiness by disclosing all that has passed between us.

This I feel my girl must never know, but as I cannot possibly raise the sum demanded, I appeal to be shown the cleanest and quickest way out of my difficulty.

"HUMANIST" says: The cleanest way is to confess to your girl what a fool you have made of yourself, and abide by her decision to forgive or reject you.

For the future, steer clear of the woman, who, along with yourself, was willing to add mental torture to the bodily suffering of your victim.

ANGRY KIPPER-

smoker's dilemma

I AM a married man with a wife and four children. I have worked for a firm of fish-curers for the past eleven years.

I am the night smoker. My job is to weigh the fish as it comes in and see that the amount tallies with the invoices; then wire up the fish for smoking.

Often I have to step outside to study the direction of the wind, and if anyone is standing about, I quite naturally pass the time of day.

One night six stones of kippers was missing. I learned this next day, when, after my break—for I had been

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

working all night—the foreman began questioning me.

He asked how many kippers I had wired. I told him from 121 to 124 stone boxes. The tallies were consulted and six stones remained unaccounted for.

There was a great fuss. Hints flew that a small curing-place near by could perhaps supply information, the smoker-owner of which had gone bankrupt but a short time before.

I was asked if I had not been chattering the night before with the man, who bore a doubtful character.

Enraged, I demanded to know if I was being accused of trading in my employer's kippers.

Hot words flew, and finally I declared that I would not stay where I could not be trusted, and left the place.

In the morning, I was given my wages and insurance-cards, with a note saying that, for the time being, my services were "suspended."

Have I to lose my character and reputation all at one blow, or have I any redress?

"HUMANIST" says: I judge the outcome of the trouble to be due more to your hot temper than the loss of the kippers.

Be wise enough to ask to be taken back in view of your long years of satisfactory service, and work with, not against, the foreman. Together, you may be able to stop the leakage.

BREAK THAT VOW

—it's too old at twenty

WHEN I was a schoolboy I was captain of the first cricket eleven and very popular.

Prophecies were made that I would live to make my mark as a great bowler, and I strained every nerve at practice.

My team was in the final for the borough silver shield, and the head



Better than ever
—Jimmy Seed,
leader of the
Wednesday

FIRST DIVISION.

- (1) CHELSEA v. Middlesbrough.
- (2) ARSENAL v. Sheffield United.
- (3) ASTON VILLA v. Huddersfield.
- (4) BLACKBURN v. Birmingham.
- (5) Blackpool v. Leicester.
- (6) GRIMSBY v. West Ham.
- (7) LEEDS v. Sunderland.
- (8) MANCHESTER C. v. Manchester U.
- (9) NEWCASTLE v. Liverpool.
- (10) PORTSMOUTH v. Derby.
- (11) WEDNESDAY v. Bolton

SECOND DIVISION.

- (1) MILLWALL v. Preston.
- (2) BRADFORD v. Southampton.
- (3) Bristol City v. Notts Forest.
- (4) BURY v. Bradford C.
- (5) CARDIFF v. Barnsley.
- (6) EVERTON v. Charlton.
- (7) OLDHAM v. Tottenham.
- (8) Plymouth v. Port Vale.
- (9) STOKE v. Burnley.
- (10) Swansea v. W. B. Albion.
- (11) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Reading.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern Section).

- (1) LUTON v. Newport.
- (2) BRENTFORD v. Brighton.
- (3) Clapton Orient v. Watford.
- (4) CRYSTAL PALACE v. Exeter.
- (5) NORTHAMPTON v. Torquay.
- (6) Norwich v. Swindon.
- (7) NOTTS COUNTY v. Bristol Rovers.
- (8) Q. P. RANGERS v. Fulham.
- (9) SOUTHEND v. Gillingham.
- (10) THAMES v. Boscombe.
- (11) Walsall v. Coventry.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern Section).

- (1) Hartlepool v. HULL.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

asked me to arrange with the school and superintend its practice. The poverty of my parents forced me, unknown to the headmaster, to my before-breakfast hours delivering newspapers.

Talking over the suggestion with my younger brother, I persuaded him to do my last bit of the paper round.

As we felt that our parents would object, we said nothing to them the first morning as we slipped out into the misty dawn, carrying on according to plan.

At noon I got a shock. My little brother had not come home, and I was afraid to confess.

THE police were informed, and the anxiety deepened into horror when we learned a little later they had been fished from the dock.

I hardly deserved the kindness shown me, but it was felt that I had earned more for the honour of the school than in wilfulness, and pressure was put upon me to continue and captain the match.

But my nerve had been shaken by bowling was bad, and we lost.

I felt that my cricket ambitions had forfeited the life of my brother, and I vowed never again to go near a pitch. I have kept that vow for twenty years.

I am now married, with a boy who has just confided to me his overwhelming desire to become a professional cricketer. He wants me to give him practice with my old bat, and above all, watch him play at school.

What am I to do? Tell him the full story or break my vow?

"HUMANIST" says: Don't be misled. Such vows are made to be broken. Why cloud the lad's life with a past tragedy that cannot now be helped.

Take your bat and cheer on the lad, and I hope he will win his place when next cricket season comes round.

OUR EXPERT'S FORECASTS

Football Matches played on
Saturday, October 4

- (2) CARLISLE v. Crewe.
- (3) CHESTERFIELD v. Southport.
- (4) Darlington v. Stockport.
- (5) HALIFAX v. New Brighton.
- (6) LINCOLN v. Barrow.
- (7) Nelson v. GATESHEAD.
- (8) ROTHERHAM v. Accrington.
- (9) Trannmere v. Wrexham.
- (10) WIGAN v. Doncaster.
- (11) YORK v. Rochdale.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

- (1) DUNDEE v. Falkirk.
- (2) Airdrie v. RANGERS.
- (3) Ayr v. Aberdeen.
- (4) CELTIC v. Morton.
- (5) COWDENBEATH v. Hibernian.
- (6) HEARTS v. Queen's Park.
- (7) Leith Athletic v. Kilmarnock.
- (8) MOTHERWELL v. Clyde.
- (9) PARTICK v. Hamilton.
- (10) ST. MIRREN v. East Fife.

WINNERS IN CODE

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOMW BULL special selections in code in the Daily Herald and Sporting Life each Saturday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with H for home team and A for away team.

Example: Code: Div. I.—2(H). 1: H. Southern Section—4(H). 7(H); Northern Section—1(A). 6(H); Scottish League—1(H). This would indicate six home teams and one away: Arsenal, Wednesday, Crystal Palace, Notts County, Lincoln, St. Mirren, and Hull at Hartlepool.

Healthy Legs for all!

Marvellous Results of New Elasto Treatment!
Read convincing proof below—then write for **FREE SAMPLE** of ELASTO and **FREE BOOKLET**

"Can Now Walk Long Distances With Ease."

A short time ago I decided to send for your Elasto treatment which I thought might ease my breathing which became very bad on the least exertion, also a burning pain which commenced in my leg.

Now I am thankful to say that before I had finished the second box of tablets I was completely cured and can walk long distances with ease and my breathing has now become normal; also I have been told within the last few days that I am looking much younger. You may use this testimony as you please as I cannot speak too highly of Elasto and gladly recommend it to others.

(Signed) Mrs. M. J. ROE,
Rawcliffe Lodge,
Hambleton, nr. Blackpool,
Lancs.

"All Signs Of Phlebitis Gone."

How thankful I am I gave your wonderful treatment Elasto a trial. I had been suffering from Phlebitis for six months and thought my ailment incurable without complete rest. After using Elasto however all signs of Phlebitis have disappeared. I have proved the worth of Elasto; it has cured me as you said it would and I hope other sufferers will give it a fair trial as I have done with such excellent results.

(Signed) Mrs. L. WADEY,
30, Norton Terrace,
Newhaven, Sussex.

"Feels Ten Years Younger."

My cure continues to progress and I feel ten years younger than I did when I commenced your Elasto treatment. The wonderful improvement has enabled me to continue in my employment which I thought I should have to give up.

You have my full permission to use the enclosed photograph, and I shall recommend Elasto whenever I can do so.

(Signed) Mr. JOHN PRAKE,
163, Chadderton Road,
Oldham.



What Is Elasto?

Elasto is the wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving the general health and increasing vitality. It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised. Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, phlebitis, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs are cured *naturally* and *permanently* by Elasto Treatment, without rest and at small cost. Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into play Nature's own laws of health and healing. *It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.* Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for FREE Sample

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 15.D.)
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds

CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

a box in the
HOME
is worth
TWO
in the
SHOP
!

THE VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

BEECHAM'S
PILLS

"worth a guinea a box"



He spreads
disease
germs

Kill him!

Rats bring their filthy germs to your larder and taint your food.

Put down Liverpool Virus and kill the rats and mice. They die outside. Harmless to children and domestic animals.

LIVERPOOL VIRUS

Wipes out Rats and Mice
Sold in tins (ready baited) and liquid in bottles, by all Chemists. Mice 1/6 and 2/6. Rats 2/6 and 6/-.
Evans Sons, Lescher & Webb, Ltd.,
56 Hanover Street, Liverpool.

V.S.

Ended in 3 days
RHEUMATISM

the time taken in getting rid of the cause of the trouble is the story of Midge Gould, who is the famous high diver, who found her very livelihood imperilled by gout in both feet, until she tried Urace. She tells you and every sufferer that there is nothing like Urace Brand Tablets, for Urace positively dissolves away the uric acid crystals and poisonous accumulations which cause the tortures of Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel and Neuritis. And she is one of thousands who have found instant relief through Urace. Never mind if you have tried treatment after treatment in vain. Urace is confidently recommended to relieve your agonies and only costs 1/3, 2/6, and 5/- from any chemist. The 3/- size is the more economical, containing 3 times the quantity of the 1/3 size. **FREE** Do not delay. Send 6d. for postage, etc., and we will send you free, not only a free sample box of Urace Brand Tablets, but also a bottle of Urace Brand Rheumatic Lintment.

URACE
BRAND
TABLETS

Where external treatment is possible, use also Urace Brand Lintment. It kills pain without rubbing. 1/3 and 2/- the bottle.

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EASY TO PAY

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OF LADIES'

WINTER COATS

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A SMART LADY'S
MORROCCERIDE
HANDBAG, SENT
WITH EVERY
COAT.



We wish you could see this coat instead of reading the description. Without doubt it is the finest coat ever offered at the price. Extra heavy Wool Face Cloth Coat. Guaranteed not to spot in the rain. Smartly fashioned front and back panels, as diagram. Nicely flared skirt. Fully silk-lined. Extra large Mole or Beaver Cozy Collar, and extra deep cauculet fur cuffs. Well made and made in our own workrooms. Cut in West-end style. Every Coat a perfect model. Do not write for patterns, but send for a coat. You will be delighted. In shades of Navy, Black, Light and Dark Brown, Almond Green and Wine. Price 49 11. 0/6 & 1/0. 48 and 50 in. 5/- extra. Give us your bust measure, length and colour required, and send 2/- (no further payment required until you have the coat one month), and agree to pay 6/- per month. Goods carr. paid. We can supply you with anything you want. Send for illustrated free catalogues or call at our Showrooms.

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Showrooms open 9.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Thursday
9.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. Saturday 9.30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

My HOLIDAY—What it has done for me

MEDICAL men urge the necessity of complete change for one's holiday, and I derived immense benefit by following this advice.

My holiday was spent in London, with the exhilarating smell of petrol always in my nostrils and a perpetual din in my ears.

A show every night, with an occasional matinee thrown in; going the round of London's wonderful stores—a combined holiday and education.

Every possible moment indoors, right away from fresh air and sunshine, has given me that change so necessary to health, for my home is by the sea.—*Seashore, Norfolk.*

Welcome Chains

Never having been away for even a day without my husband and children during the seven years of my married life, I decided to try the holiday apart.

After a wretched fortnight, I returned, a wiser woman.

Freedom is not for me. I am tied, but with chains of love, which never again will I try to break.—*Content, Tunbridge Wells.*

Seeing's Believing

I determined that this year's "break" should take me where I had never been before, and where I could see at first-hand the conditions of life of those far worse off than myself.

I have seen. Slums—and more slums. A month ago I would have denied the existence in England of such abject poverty.

I am not bronzed. I have no "jolly holiday snaps" to show—simply a mental picture I wish I could engrave on the mind of every M.P.—*R. W. L., Deron.*

Wiser

My "holiday" this year has done me a lot of good. It was spent in one of H.M. prisons for three months.

I came out in better health, through regular exercise, good plain food and no tobacco or alcohol.

I was also much wiser, as I learnt that honesty is the best policy, and I am determined not to go for another compulsory holiday.—*No. 811, Durham.*

Lovers Again

For fifty weeks of the year I work from morn to night, and as a result I am but a passing shadow to my children and almost a stranger to my wife.

But during the two weeks' holiday each year, I become a human again, my children realise that I am their daddy, a friend and a playmate, and my wife and I become lovers again.—*D. S., London, W.C.*

Happy Sequel

Having few opportunities of meeting men, I had begun to fear I was destined to be one of England's surplus millions; but, on my holiday, I struck up a real friendship with the nicest man in the world.

Now I am a happy young woman, exploring along the roseate path of courtship, with a husband and a home as the probable sequel.—*Miss L. H., Huntingdon.*

Among the Worms

Having little money in my pocket, I took my holiday this year in the garden, and potted among the worms.

Each day, in rain or shine, I planted bulbs, raked, dug, cleared away summer riot, and set the borders for next year.

At the end of the fortnight I straightened my back, admired my sun-tan, and for once felt the real zest of being alive.—*L. D. Oakden, Kent.*

Nightmare

Holiday! What a mockery. Ten days without pay. More debt, more worry. How can I feed my family this week? Who will allow me credit?

How miserable I feel wishing others a "good time," while I continue the same old routine.

How I long for a good holiday, away from all toll and worry. But, alas! I must struggle on without, because holidays to me are only "nightmares."—*H. B., Patricroft.*

Mother Makes Up

The greatest good I got from my holiday was the extra rest in the morning, eating a meal I had not cooked, and having a little extra time to spend on my toilet.

As mother of a family, my time is mostly spent on others, and on holiday the time I spent on myself did me most good.—*N. W. W. S., Manchester.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Best from BECKHAMPTON

"PLEASE let me know Beckhampton's best for the Cambridge-shire." This little sentence, worded in many ways, has cropped up dozens of times in my correspondence since the acceptors for the big race at Newmarket came to hand.

It is a bit of a Chinese puzzle, but I have little doubt that The Recorder will prove to be F. Darling's "pea."

The Duke of York Handicap, which will be decided at Kempton Park next week, should tell him how he stands with the son of Captain Cuttle.

Success in the Kempton race entails a 10 lb. penalty for the Cambridgeshire. Double Life brought off the "double" last year, but we have to go back to 1912, when Adam Bede captured both races, for an earlier instance of this fine feat.

It is a 1,000 to 1 chance against it coming off again so soon.

F. Darling has Artist's Proof, The MacNab, Lovat Scout and Quinine engaged in both races.

The Recorder, on the same mark as The MacNab, and 1 lb. above Artist's Proof, figures only in the Cambridgeshire.

Lovat Scout and Quinine are hardly good enough for the Cambridgeshire, while a win at Kempton would put

Artist's Proof and The MacNab virtually out of the Newmarket race.

The 10 lb. penalty would raise their weights to over 9 st. Prohibitive.

I expect The MacNab to win at Kempton, and, reading between the lines, I shall be surprised if The Recorder does not go very close for the Newmarket event.

I understand that Ballyferis will miss the Cambridgeshire, so I shall substitute Mr. J. Dewar's colt in my mixed back-end "doubles."

Richborough was coupled with Ballyferis. The "double" now reads: Richborough and The Recorder.

Fingle Bridge looks "good" for the London Cup at Alexandra Park this week-end, while Auction Pool should score again.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 2, to Wednesday, October 8.

B A Q X T L 3 R D 5 C F M E O
N W K 2 S 9 H I G U Y P V J Z

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald*, read the one above or below, as the case may be. VJGW9RB would read MEDARLIN.

"SILVER RING."

All Helpers

My holiday has given me many interesting sidelights on human nature, and I have learned to respect the workers in humble life.

The railway porter, the bus conductor, the tea-shop girl, the policeman who directed me, the kitchen-maids, even the landladies, have all rendered their respective services in a pleasant way.

Their evident eagerness to provide me with a pleasant holiday has done me good.—*A. Andrews, Hulme.*

Wonderful London

Instead of my usual seaside trip, I, a life-long Londoner, spent my holiday in London, and saw more of it than I have ever seen.

Many Londoners never visit the wonderful sights which foreigners come thousands of miles to see—the Tower, museums, Westminster Abbey, Ken Gardens, etc.

My visit to London made me proud that I am a citizen of the greatest city in the world.—*Edward A. Gain, Upton Park, E.*

Blessed Work

My holiday has convinced me of the "blessedness of toil."

Although I enjoyed the amusement and abandon of the seaside resort, I left these behind with but momentary regret.

On resuming work I felt that idleness was a slow poison, for which the most powerful antidote was employment of some sort.—*W. T. N., Co. Derry.*

Done Brown

I went away "full of beans" and returned without one.

I was "kissed by the sun," the only male thing that kissed me during my holidays.

The exercise stunt was overdone, the boarding-house food underdone. I was the only thing properly "done."

My "hide was tanned," but I was "bled white" by a grasping landlady who would have taken the "copper" from my skin, if she could.—*M. L. B., Lambeth, S.W.*

Trippers

No meals to prepare and no washing-up—a lady for a week.—*A. Mother, Newark.*

I can now appreciate my own home, my own wife, and her splendid cooking.—*T. S. Hope, N.B.*

It has not made me envious of the "idle rich," but grateful that I am not so unfortunate as never to have had a holiday.—*J. C. O'Brien, Liverpool.*

My holiday gave me a dose of a mixture which contains the finest restorative to physical and mental powers known—rest, change and freedom.—*Gertrude A. Rogers, Middlesex.*

I feel consoled at having been able to contribute a little to the railway company, bus company, boarding-house proprietor, outside porters, and all the fun of the fair.—*D. M., Wales.*

It has prevented me from falling into the rut of stagnation, from getting the habit of thought which looks at life with jaundiced eyes.—*W. G. Melville, Edinburgh.*

I was dragged out of the sea half-drowned; I ate more than was good for me; I spent my money unwisely; I got sunburn on my arms and shoulders; and just scraped out of a tangle with a married man posing as single.—*Miss E. A., Altrincham.*

For the loveliest, healthiest skin, use these three Germolene products.

HOW few modern English women boast of complexions as perfect as they could be—and should be! Most women still don't realise that a lovely skin has first of all to be a healthy one—otherwise, all the "skin creams" and cosmetics in the world won't produce a lovely result. Before you try anything else to improve your complexion, use these three Germolene preparations. Nothing else can bring such perfect results more quickly and permanently—even if your skin is spotty, affected with rash or more serious complaints.

Germolene — Aseptic Skin Dressing never smarts, leaves no scars!

Germolene is sweet and cool. Its ASEPTIC action—makes sore places surgically clean—painlessly ejecting germs and poisons—without the inevitable smarting of most antiseptic dressings. Extra-quick healing—without scars! One dressing usually does more good than tin after tin of cheap ointments. **Price 1/3 & 3/-**

Germolene Blood Tonic and Purifier
To revive a "lifeless" complexion and remove blemishes permanently, the life-giving blood-stream must be kept rich and pure. GERMOLENE BLOOD PURIFIER & TONIC will bring wonderful results, surprisingly quickly. Try it! **Price 3/- and 12/- per bottle.**

Germolene Medicated Toilet Soap . . . your everyday beauty treatment

This dainty, perfectly balanced soap—charged with the famous ASEPTIC properties of Germolene—not only cleanses, but heals and beautifies at the same time. Follow the example of dozens of famous footlight favourites—make GERMOLENE Medicated TOILET SOAP your everyday beauty soap, for toilet, bath and shampoo as well. **6d. per tablet.**



Germolene
ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING | BLOOD TONIC | MEDICATED TOILET SOAP

VARICOSE VEINS!

Mr. D. M. Cooper's wonderful new "Elastic Supporter" have now made it possible for all sufferers, both ladies and gentlemen, to obtain a Permanent Cure from this Distressing and Perilous Condition. They fit with the Comfort of a Kid Glove, are INVISIBLE IN WEAR and, moreover, are **SENT ON APPROVAL**.
They neither Pinch, Press nor Cut the Limb, and give Real Sustaining Support in Just the Right Place, preventing the Terrible Danger of Burst Veins, Varicose Ulcers, etc. If you are a sufferer write to-day for Full Particulars of Mr. Cooper's Generous ON APPROVAL OFFER. Send NOW!
Address, Mr. D. M. Cooper (Dept. 8.332), 25, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

LIVER & KIDNEY TROUBLE

Mr. J. F. McNEAL, 20, Gregory Street, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent, writes:—
"It is over 20 years since I was taken ill, my pains were awful. My doctor told me I had something wrong with my Liver and Kidneys, and that I also had a stone in my bladder. I had this six months and no relief. My wife got me a bottle of Vitadatio, and I took it, and the pains became easier, so I kept on taking it until I got strong. Vitadatio saved my life and will do others. I am over sixty years old and can walk twenty miles a day now."



Vitadatio
Essential for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Intestinal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Grocers, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottle, containing 3 weeks' supply, for export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, Arnsley, Leeds. V.L.B.
SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

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- (2) The Preliminary examinations, Matriculation, B.Com. and LL.B. Degrees, etc.
- (3) How to enter for these examinations—subjects—fees—exemptions, etc.
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Please send me a copy of the Metropolitan College 136-page "GUIDE TO CAREERS in Secretaryship, Accountancy, etc." to keep, without charge or obligation. G9/5.

NAME (in Capitals)

ADDRESS

John Bull, Dept. G9/5, Oct. 4, 1930.

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE ST. ALBANS.

Did you wake up coughing?

DID you wake up this morning with your head "all stopped up"? Did you have to cough and blow your nose before you could breathe really freely? That is Catarrh. Slight, perhaps, but with the seeds of danger in it.



passages of throat and nose. The only way to effect a remedy is to employ some healing element which can actually reach the parts that are infected. What is needed is a warm, soothing vapour.

Fortunately there is one remedy which is not only unfailingly effective in penetrating to every affected part, but is also exceedingly pleasant. It is put up in the form of delicate cigarettes containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs, but made of aromatic herbs leaves and flowers and called after the famous U.S. Specialist who discovered them, DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES. The healing properties of these herbs and flowers are carried by the act of smoking into every nook and cranny of the respiratory system, where they soothe the inflamed tissues and banish all trace of catarrhal trouble in a very short time.

What is Catarrh?
Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. Usually it begins with a simple cold in the head. Commencing in the nostrils, it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, the nose, the throat, the lungs and stomach. Thence it spreads its poison through the blood all over the body, sapping the bodily energy and weakening the powers of resistance to disease and germ-spread illnesses.

How to know Catarrh.
If you catch one cold after another; if your eyes are inflamed and watery; if there is a huskiness of the voice; if there is a constant discharge from the nose, forming scabs, or the dropping of phlegm into the throat, causing frequent spitting of white, yellowish or greenish mucus, with an offensive breath; if there is difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed, or loss of the sense of smell or taste, you may know you have catarrh. If you have catarrh of the throat you will feel frequent desire to clear throat, etc. Catarrhal deafness brings failure of hearing, noises in the head, ringing, roaring and popping. None of these symptoms should be neglected, because it cannot be too strongly urged that catarrh will spread its ill-effects through the whole of your body.

How to get rid of Catarrh.
As you will realise, Catarrh rapidly becomes so firmly rooted in the inflamed membranes of all the minute passages and channels that the reason is evident why all the so-called remedies fail to shift it or even to relieve it. Sprays and ointments cannot reach more than the outer parts, while such things as pills cannot possibly affect the

This diagram shows clearly how the healing vapours of DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES reach every part that could possibly be affected.

Dr. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES.

If you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, do not neglect it. Go to any chemist and get a box of DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES. The very first one you smoke will bring you relief. If you go to-day, he is authorised to give every purchaser of DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES a free one-day treatment of the wonderful new Blosser Brand Yeast and Laxative Compound Tablets.

A LAXATIVE THAT TONES YOU UP.
Here is a mild daily laxative in a new form, combined with the Vitamins of Yeast to tone up your Digestion, to cause a better blood supply, to bring you new strength and vitality. Try it to-day. See how much better you feel.
BLOSSER BRAND YEAST AND LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS.
At all chemists 1/9 the box.

THIS



for quick relief
from
Constipation
safe . . . pleasant
thorough

Nothing removes constipation so pleasantly and thoroughly as Feen-a-Mint. The chewing does it. When you chew a Feen-a-Mint, its laxative is released . . . and constipation is banished in a few hours. Feen-a-Mint does not gripe or cause strain. It works gently, naturally and safely, and is non-habit-forming. Enjoy the clean fresh mint flavour . . . Enjoy vigorous, glowing health . . . for less than 1d. a week. Buy Feen-a-Mint to-day.

Feen-a-mint

The chewing does it

Obtainable at every chemist, 1/2 a box; or post 1/- from the manufacturers.

★ FREE SAMPLE—obtainable by sending your name and address on a post card to FEEN-A-MINT PRODUCTS LIMITED, 15, Lush House, London, W.C.2.

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"I have no life in me." That is the cry of many women who have reached middle age—that critical time of life which every woman fears. It is then that headaches, backaches, lassitude and other distressing weaknesses make their appearance. Attacks of dizziness are frequent, while hot flushes, melancholy fears and a terrible depression make life a misery.

Much of this suffering is avoidable. This has been proved by the thousands of happy, virile women who have relied at this time on the health-help given by Dr. Williams' pink pills. The one thing most necessary to carry the middle-aged woman through her years of trial is pure new blood. Because of their blood-making and blood-enriching properties Dr. Williams' pink pills are the one remedy praised by women for women's needs.

These pills strengthen the nerves and banish depression; they invigorate the system and dispel headaches and backaches. In a word, Dr. Williams' pink pills carry a woman through the trials of middle age, giving her new strength just when she is in need of it.

You can prove the value of Dr. Williams' pink pills by taking a course of them now. Of all chemists, 3s. 6d. box.

FREE—"Nature's Warnings" is a booklet all women of middle age should read. Write to C.H., Dept. 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

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You will jump for joy

if you win John Bull's

£600

Must-be-won X-Word

THERE'S something good in the air again this week—"John Bull's" Fair and Square £600 cash prize which must be won is waiting for a winner—and in addition £50 is offered for runners up.

Now jump to it—don't delay a moment—fill in those fascinating little squares below and enter yourself to-day for a round of pleasure.

An extra £50
for runners-up

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), October 9th.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 84

Entry Form "A."

1	G	A				D		E				
10	R					E				H		
14								O	L	L	G	
18										L		L
22						D				O		
25	A	N		B	R					V	E	
32								E			S	O
35												
38												
39	A	T										

JB. 84.

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

1	G	A				D		E				
10	R					E				H		
14								O	L	L	G	
18										L		L
22						D				O		
25	A	N		B	R					V	E	
32								E			S	O
35												
38												
39	A	T										

JB. 84.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No. . . . These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

Closing Date Thursday (noon), October 9th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

"JOHN BULL" £600 for a solution on "John Bull's" 84 appearing below. The correct solution, the entry is the nearest to the nearest. An additional £50 will be divided between the winners whose solution contains one error only, or more than the winner. Every reader has an opportunity—may send in his solution. Sixpence for TV. No claims required. Accepted after Thursday, October 9th. Solution will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, 16th. Winner will be "John Bull" on sale Thursday, 16th. Result of word No. 81 appears on page 37.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early

Clues Across.

1. UGLY WOUND.
5. FRUIT OF THE DAY.
10. MATURE.
11. DAY BEFORE.
12. GARDENING IMPLEMENT.
14. FIRST MAN.
15. PART OF UNIVERSE.
16. THIER SOMETHING.
17. EVERYTHING.
18. ALWAYS.
21. CRUDE MINERALS.
22. APART.
26. LARGE STREAMS.
30. NOT SHUT.
32. DEVELOP.
35. DELETED.
37. FEMININE GAMES.
38. ENGLISH FLOWER.
39. HUNGER-STRIKER.
40. HEARD AT A JAMB.

Clues Down.

1. ASHES ARE FOUND IN.
2. ASSISTANCE.
3. ARE FULLY OCCUPIED.
4. BORDER.
5. TEN YEARS.
6. DODGE.
7. RELATE.
8. CLIP WITH SCISSORS.
9. SHIP DOES, SOMETIME.
13. GLANCE AMOROUSLY.
19. VEHICLE.
20. BONE.
23. THEY DRIVE CATTLE.
24. THESE VARY.
25. EVOLUTIONISTS STUDY THE.
27. DECAY.
28. BRING JOY TO KIDNAP.
29. FOUND IN RIVER'S COURSE.
31. CHEEKY.
33. PASSPORT ENDORSEMENT.
34. BRAVE MAN.
36. DONKEY.

Chambers' 22nd Century Dictionary used in compiling this

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 82

BED DATE SHUT
ARRIVAL TUNE
TAILOR HOGS
T P W CANS G
INSTEP YE RA
NO RD E COL
GORE CARCASE
SEE ORE VE
RED O MESH
A DEANS TREL
SLEET PENNON
EARL LANE NT

JB 82

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull's" X-word No. 82 is given here with a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required for the X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

Write to "John Bull" About It! The EDITOR Replies



Mrs L. F. (Perth).—"Good soap is a great aid to the complexion." Unless you happen to step on it.

R. W. (Bungay).—"My tailor sent me a bunch of flowers." Forget-me-nots?

T. P. (Bristol).—"She hung her head when I asked for a kiss." She evidently wanted her face lifted.

ELSIE (Ely).—"I have a horror of being struck by lightning." And yet, no doubt, you try to make yourself attractive.

P. T. (Hove).—"I can always tell by my wife's face when she is in need of money." Has she a stony stare?

T. O. R. (Bury).—"What is your opinion of the enclosed?" Your initials reversed.

Doc. (Edinburgh).—"To increase the iron in the system eat spinach." To increase the lead, live in Chicago.

Mac (Glasgow).—"I am of Scotch birth." Then that accounts for the unstamped letter you sent us.

B. C. (Westerham).—"You get whatever you want for so much down." We don't! We pay cash.

S. C. (Leigh).—"I am a blunt sort of person, but I mean to get on." Then look sharp.

M. B. (Dalston).—"In the old days barbers used to act as surgeons." Some of them try to in these days.

C. E. (Egham).—"I am getting my own back by sending you another poem." You will be getting your own back again.

COUNCILLOR (Manchester).—"We discussed whist-drives at the last meeting and decided to ban them." Did you have a show of hands?

INVALID (Swansea).—"I am subject to heart attacks; are they catching?" Well, our letter-clerk had a bad attack when he opened your letter.

Q. V. R. (Windsor).—"Thousands of single women are wondering where their husbands are coming from." Yes, and thousands of married ones are wondering where their husbands have gone to.

A. M. G. (Chelsea).—"My next-door neighbour has blacked my eye, cut my head open and knocked out two teeth. Can I get damages?" You appear to have already got them.

FATHER (Jersey).—"I never do my boy's homework." It wouldn't be right.

L. P. (Newmarket).—"I found £5 on Doncaster grand stand." Many fivers have been dropped there.

E. W. (Totnes).—"My daughters will not obey me." Like mother, like daughter.

H. L. (Cologne).—"Sun-bathing in Germany is quite a craze." Lucky Germany to have a sun.

R. D. (York).—"There doesn't seem much in miniature golf." Except for the inventor.

H. J. (Staines).—"Miners have a superstition that it is unlucky to whistle in dark places." So have burglars.

L. N. (Buxton).—"Where would Americans be if it weren't for Prohibition?" Back in America.

D. S. (Worthing).—"It was too wet for cricket, so we played billiards." Any sport in a storm.

AMATEUR (Leeds).—"A well-known actor saw our dramatic performance and came round after." How long did it take him to come round?

M. S. (Sydenham).—"My girl was annoyed because I kissed her when I hadn't shaved." We expect she felt it very much.

D. S. (Amersham).—"I have written you eight letters in the last three weeks." We know; the Post Office is horribly careful sometimes.

Mrs. J. (Leith).—"In my opinion, the best way to keep butter fresh is to freeze it." Somehow, we don't think the idea will spread.

C. N. (Nuneaton).—"No man can successfully tackle two things at once." Well, he can collar two *Bulleys* Firsts this week—we've rolled them into one big cheque for £600.

F. V. R. (Dublin).—"When I switch on my wireless set the oscillations are simply dreadful. What shall I do with it?" Ask your nearby neighbours; they'll tell you quick enough.

SIDE-Slips



Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent, 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

FOLKSTONE EXPRESS:—"For sale, wicker bath chair, SPLENDID TONE."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"When FIELDING to this day he practises strokes in front of a mirror."

RED LETTER:—"One day I was swimming with my chum when we heard a scream for help, so I ran to the spot."

ALDERSHOT GAZETTE:—"His EXPIRING example did much towards keeping the side together."

DAILY RECORD AND MAIL:—"Soon after his return to the stables he was found to be lame in the REAR FORELEG."

THE NOVEL:—"A man, seemingly of strength, judging by the way in which he hauled his tired house through the snow."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"The United having suffered three SUCCESSFUL DEFEATS."

PRIZE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE:—"FOR nearly a mile the land was dotted with HORSES completed and in the process of building."

SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT:—"Burglars took away a large quantity of silver, including a number of cups and other TROUBLES."

LARGEST CIRCULATION ADVERTISING MEDIUM:—"Faint rumblings of a distant storm keep reaching my EYES."

LONDON EVENING NEWS:—"At an inquest it was stated that she died LAST MONTH, SINCE WHEN she had been very depressed."

BOMBAY CHRONICLE:—"Accredited representatives of the Salvation Army will be FAKING a house-to-house collection throughout the city."

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

E. M. (Gosport).—"Does it pay to tell the truth?" Why not make the experiment?

P. M. (Victoria).—"My son will grow to be a man who will count." A boxing referee?

O. M. (Stepney).—"Where does one find the ripest blackberries?" Out of reach.

E. L. S. (Hanley).—"A pessimist is a man who is tired of the world." And a man of whom the world is tired.

L. M. (Goole).—"During a race a horse sometimes attains a speed of thirty-five miles an hour." Not if we back it.

N. L. (Harpenden).—"The cigars I sent you are the finest things out." We agree. They were terrible when lighted.

P. V. (Richmond).—"When I returned his boat half full of water the boatman swore at me terribly." Balcifully, in fact.

MANAGER (Southend).—"I am going to raise the price of all my seats." It doesn't follow that the public will do the same.

V. A. H. (Hendon).—"A woman stayed thirty-seven hours in the air." Evidently the bargains were not in the basement on this occasion.

I. G. (Whitechapel).—"The robber suffers the punishment, though the 'fence' claims most of the booty." Well, who gains from putting his affairs into the hands of a receiver?

S. K. (Chorley Wood).—"A clergyman who had forgotten a wedding was found at a local cricket match." Nevertheless, we understand that in spite of the delay the bride's appeal for a catch was allowed.

F. K. (Highbury).—"The Council of the F.A. has banned football matches under artificial light." The chief objection is that in a lighting failure a referee might escape in the gloom before serving his full sentence.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

TRUTH ABOUT WIRELESS

Simple facts are often harder to believe than Fairy Tales, and some people can never believe an article is good unless they pay two or three times as much as is necessary.

THE GRAVES 'VULCAN' SET is the ideal for the man who wants perfectly satisfactory results for the most moderate outlay. It is made under Marconi License and embodies all the improvements possible in a popular-priced set. It gives you the National Programme in perfection and a wide choice of clear stations. Everything about the Set is reliable and first class; there are no complications. Even if you are only a beginner you can start right away to enjoy the wonders of wireless with as much certainty of success as if you had studied it for years. Cabinet Loud Speaker, Aerial Fittings & everything necessary is included. No extras. Full instructions with each Set.

A HANDSOME PRODUCTION. Full size Cabinet (as illustrated) of polished Oak, with hinged lid; all parts (including valves) accessible. Dull Emitter Detector and Power Valves, anti-microphonic Valve holders. No coils to change. H.T. Battery; 2-volt Accumulator; complete Aerial Outfit; Cabinet Loud Speaker, Aerial Fittings & everything necessary is included. No extras. Full instructions with each Set.

Price complete and Carriage Paid **£7.10.0**

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The Graves Screened Grid 3-Valve Set (not illustrated here) with handsome Oak Cabinet and Cabinet Loud Speaker. Everything of highest quality and all complete and ready to fit. Price **£12.10**

15/- with Order, 15/- Monthly. This is a Set of remarkable capacity, very selective and far reaching, and wonderful value for money. Our sales of this Set run into many thousands per annum; sold solely on merit and without costly advertising push. Ask for descriptive Catalogue free giving full illustrations of Set and Loud Speaker with all information. Costs you nothing to get all particulars of this highly efficient set which offers you finer results, better quality and substantial saving in cost.

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No. 773—FIRST
No. 772—FIRST
No. 769—FIRST
No. 768—FIRST
No. 767—FIRST
No. 766—FIRST
No. 765—FIRST
No. 764—FIRST

WERE ALL won by
READERS OF

The Leader

THE COMPLETE COMPETITION JOURNAL

PRACTICALLY every first prize which is awarded in "BULLETS" and other popular literary competitions is won by a regular reader of **THE LEADER**—the paper that no competitor can afford to be without.

All current winning lines are reviewed each week, and in addition you will find helpful suggestions on how to construct winning efforts for forthcoming contests.

Readers of **THE LEADER** have already won over **£4,000** in literary competitions alone this year—testimony of the valuable advice that is given in every issue.

SOLUTION TO JOHN BULL'S £600 CROSSWORD

Every current Crossword and Picture Puzzle competition—including "John Bull's" £600 Crossword—is solved in **THE LEADER**, and a further **£12,000** has been won in these competitions by regular readers since the commencement of this year. In many cases **THE LEADER** also provides the necessary clues and squares which you may use.

BEST BY TEST!

If you have any doubt which is the most popular competition newspaper, ask your newsagent! He will tell you that no other paper sells anywhere near as many copies each week as **THE LEADER**.

Other regular features include topical stories, humorous cartoons, Legal and Financial articles, Paper Pattern feature, and reliable Football Forecasts for all next Saturday's English, Scottish and Irish matches.

£155,000
already won this year
in competitions by
readers of

The Leader

2^d. SOLD EVERYWHERE 2^d.

All communications to "THE LEADER,"
166, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

HER WEARY VIGIL

WITH tired, strained eyes, Mrs. Day told how night and day she was nursing her husband, lying at home in torture with internal cancer, until he could be admitted into hospital.

She had had to give up her work to look after him, and all she had coming in was 8s. a week from the Public Assistance Committee. She had pawned her bed-clothes and borrowed from her friends to meet the rent of 10s. a week.

The next day she called again to say it was all over. Her partner for twenty-five years had died in dreadful pain that morning.

"He has been one of the best," she said, her eyes full of tears. "We were always friends."

Before she married she was in service, and then she toiled with her husband, a farm labourer, hoeing, and so on. Between them they averaged about £2 a week.

They had no children. "But," she said, "we have been very, very happy together."

Then came sickness. Her mate stood up against it as long as he could. When the pain mastered him, they had to give up work, and came to London. Alas! his malady was too far gone for an operation.

She kept things going with odd cleaning jobs, until the last four weeks, when it was impossible for her to leave him. "Whatever you do," he begged, "never leave me." Then he prayed to die. "I could not have stood by his bedside one hour longer to see him suffer," she exclaimed.

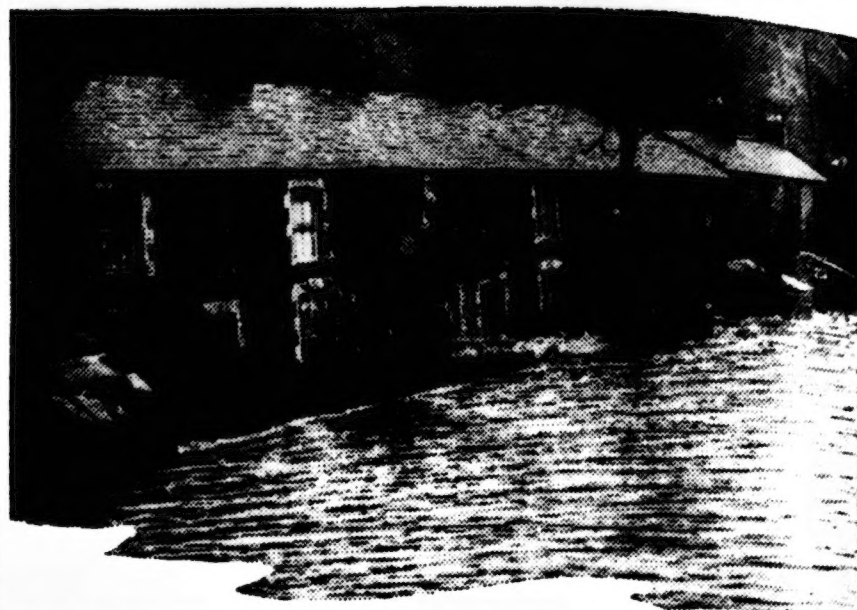
Now his sufferings are over. But he was not insured and she has nothing. Very sensibly, she has made up her mind to seek a job as cook-general, "and trouble nobody."

Will our readers help her? Subscriptions sent to the Hon. Secretary, "The Greatest of These—" Fund, 93, Long Acre, W.C., earmarked for her case will ease her in her hour of need. All other subscriptions, and they are urgently needed, go to help other cases.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Anon. (Chichester), 1s.; Florrie, 1s.; A. Hubbard (Worcester), 2s. 6d.; Ellem (Lewisham), 5s.; H. Bennett (Stockport), 2s.; A. B. (Slathwaite), 1s.; In Memory of Hilda's Birthday (Nottingham), 3s. 6d.; Aberdonian's Ninth (Aberdeen), 1s. 3d.; Thankful for Good Health, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. N. Foss (Tiverton), 6d.; C. Weaver (Fulham), 1s.; Mrs. M. Brill (Ipswich), 7s. 6d.; M. C. (Ayrshire), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 6d.; An ex-Sapper (Mile End), 10s.; Mrs. Ford (Swindon), 10s.; H. B. Stevens (Sutton-in-Ashfield), 10s.; Mrs. Dean (Southport), 4s.; Mrs. Hawes (High Wycombe), 2s. 6d.; Taylor (Mold Green), 6d.; Cottager, 4s.; E. L. Cooper (Darwen), 6d.; Mrs. Johnson (Dollars), 1s. 6d.; Ruby, 1s.; Tidcombe, 1s.; Anon. (W. Africa), 2s.; Mrs. L. R. May (Brighton), 3s. 6d.; G. Baker (Totnes), 6d.; R. L. Taylor (Stroud), 6d.; T. Baynes (Fife), 1s. 6d.; E. Day (Douglas), 6d.; F. Burgess (Newton Abbott), 6d.; "Thankful" (Westcliff-on-Sea), 10s.; "George" (Anerley), 2s.; Kitty and Cyril, 2s.; Mrs. A. J. Clarke (Four Oaks), 5s.; A. A. S. (Brighton), 2s.; "Vim" (Port Talbot), 1s. 3d.; Corunna (Aldershot), 1s.; Mrs. E. Salter (Hammersmith), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), 12s. 6d.; M. S., 1s.; Arriet and Liza (London, S.E.), 3s. 6d.; Micky (Portsmouth), 10s.; Mr. Thomas (Dowlands Top), 5s.; M. B. (Bedford), 1s. 6d.; Capt. A. P. Burdiss (Toronto), 21 0s. 3d.; E. J. Gould (Plymouth), 1s.; Tony (Plymouth), 2s.; Cheriton (Folkestone), 10s.; Anon., 21s.; Mrs. E. L. Cooper (Darwen), 1s.; R. Marshall (Rotherham), 2s.; T. G. (Withington), 10s.; Anon. (Dollars), 6d.; Taylor (Mold Green), 6d.; Chadwell (Chadwell Heath), 2s. 6d.; F. M. Shaw (Combenbach), 2s. Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from M. G. Warren (Bognor Regis); Mrs. H. E. Goffon (Lancaster); Mrs. Holford (Warrington); Mrs. Elphick (E. Grinstead); Mother of Seven (Glos.); Anon. (Bournemouth); G. L. (Newport, Mon.).

Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.



STORMS and FLOODS—

the worst in recent years

JOHN BULL the only
paper to pay benefits

GREAT winds have blown houses down and done irreparable damage to belongings; raging torrents tearing down the valleys, flooding houses and ruining precious possessions beyond repair—such is the record of the great gales and floods—some of the worst within living memory—which have swept the country recently. Hundreds of JOHN BULL homes felt the full force of the elements. Hundreds of JOHN BULL cheques have been dispatched under JOHN BULL's Great Free Insurance Gift.

We give below the names of a few only who received Storm and Flood Benefits.

ILKERTON, DERRYSHERE.—Mrs. E. Lewis, 150, Awworth Rd.
SWANSEA.—Mrs. H. D. Dalling, 15, Arthur St., Brynhyffryd.
HARTING.—Mrs. D. Torrance, 37, Priory St.
SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.12.—Mr. B. H. Parker, 38, Southbrook Rd.
IPSWICH.—Mr. E. Borley, 5, Barkers St., Norwich Rd.
MANFIELD WOODHOUSE, NOTTS.—Mrs. L. Mason, 2, Fishers Row.
BLAYTON - ON - TYNE.—Mrs. W. Convery, 25, Robinson St.
MILFIELD, SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. M. Carling, 26, Catherine St.
LEICESTER.—Mr. J. C. Swann, 14, Talbot Ave., Victoria Rd. East.
PONTYPRIDD.—Mrs. A. Thomas, 23, Gytellon Rd., Trebafol.
LEYTON, E.10.—Mr. R. Clasper, 68, Goldsmith Rd.
WAKEFIELD.—Mrs. H. Riddings, 3, Painshorpe Terr., Painshorpe.
WHITBY.—Mrs. A. Rodwell, Craghead, Ruswarp Lane.
STONEHAVEN, N.B.—Mr. A. W. Sinclair, 1, Arbuthnot Place.
CHAPEL - EN - LE - FRITH.—Mr. H. Martin, 5, Gregory Row, Chapel Milton.
SKINNINGHOVE, YORKS.—Mr. J. H. Ellwood, 10, Stone House.
TRIMDON GRANGE, CO. DUBHAM.—Mrs. E. Robinson, 24, North Plantation Row.
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VICTORIA DOCKS, E.16.—Mr. M. Reeder, 384, Prince Regent's Lane.

TRIMDON GRANGE, DURHAM.—Mr. T. Dinning, 14, North Plantation Row.
CUSTOM HOUSE, E.16.—Mrs. R. Sherwin, 13, Leslie Rd.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. A. E. Hunt, 14, Lincoln St., Old Basford.
BORDEN COLLIERY, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. J. Coxon, 41, New Fourth St.
DONCASTER.—Mr. F. Pearson, Boat House Cott., Mill Lane, Cadby.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. A. Milne, 1, Elmvale Row E., Springburn.

CONSETT.—Mr. P. Parker, 15, First St., Cook Hall.
DALTON - IN - FURNESS.—Mrs. V. Smith, 33, Coblen St.
MAYROLE, AYLESFORD.—Mr. M. McKie, Dalnallington St., Stralton.
WEST AUCKLAND, DURHAM.—Mrs. S. Thorpe, 8, Meadow View.
WORKSOP, NOTTS.—Mr. G. Cunningham, 45, Sandhill St.
BOOTLE, LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. M. Farley, 11, Kirk St.
WEST AUCKLAND, DURHAM.—Mr. G. E. Bowser, 5, Meadow View.

Against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT
let "John Bull" cover you free

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your
Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 4/10/36.

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Age.....

Address.....

Name and address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use J.B. stamp. Don't seal envelope. Certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if J.B. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 4/10/36.

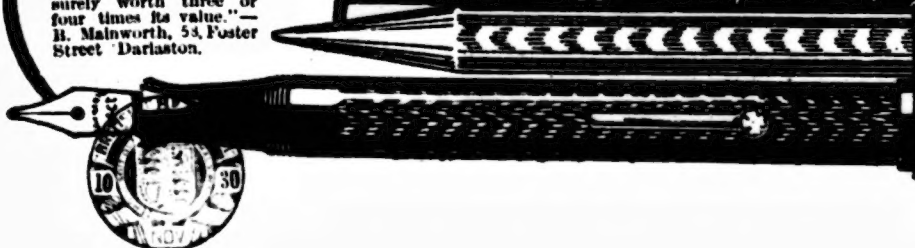
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"Just received Pen and Pencil. I sure have struck a bargain and a good one too. It is surely worth three or four times its value."—B. Mainwaring, 53, Foster Street, Darlington.

Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. With each pen is presented a 5/6 Everpointed Pencil free, heavily plated, complete with re-fill. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.

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"John Bull's" Pen Coupon
Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen. For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/- For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & Co. / (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

OCTOBER 4, 1939

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JOHN BULL

TWO 'BULLETS' FIRSTS IN ONE and 100 PRIZE VOLUMES

THIS WEEK ONLY

£50 £25

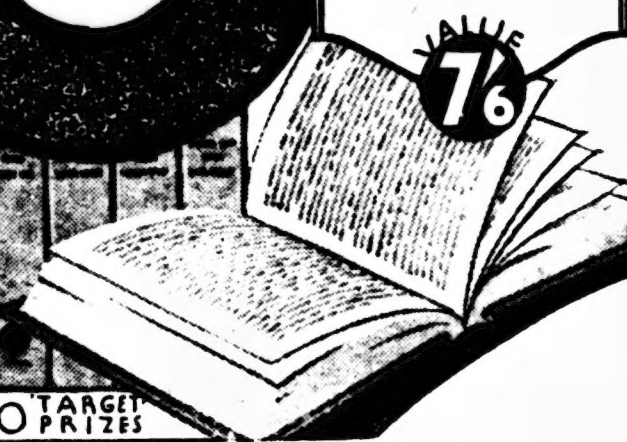
50 OF 101 500 OF 216 10 OF £5 10 OF £2.10 8000 TARGET PRIZES

THE FAMOUS CASES OF DR. THORNDYKE

As described by R. AUSTIN FREEMAN. Published by Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.

1080 pages of mystery and thrills! See this handsome 7s. 6d. volume at your bookseller's—then win one with a "Bullet."

VALUE 7/6



FIRST PRIZE DOUBLED—THIS WEEK ONLY!

FOR this week only, *Bullets* normal First Prize has been doubled to £600! Not content with thus doubling the attraction of this contest, we offer (in addition to numerous other cash prizes) 100 7s. 6d. Prize Volumes, each containing 1,080 pages of absorbing detective stories by a famous author. Hours of entertainment are in store for the 100 winners of these ideal autumn prizes.

Any of the awards in this one-week contest can be yours for a few minutes' careful thought, and this is the way to win. Add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to one of the Examples given below.

Suppose, for instance, you choose the Example LETTING OFF STEAM, the addition of the words WIFE—MAKES HUSBY "EXPLODE" would complete a typical *Bullet*.

Choose from these "Examples"

TAXPAYER'S OPINION
LETTING OFF STEAM
TWO MILLION
FOREGONE CONCLUSION
TAKING HIM DOWN
FOR PREFERENCE
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AND
BROUGHT HOME
MISMANAGED
TO LIVE
CHEAPER
HELPED ME
ALL SHE CAN SAY
ROLLOCKING TIME
SHOCK FOR THE TENANT
LETTING THEM OFF
FALSE ALARM
HOLDING OUT
LIKE A ROCKET
ENOUGH FOR HER
STANDING UP FOR HIMSELF
IN MINIATURE
GOING UP
MANY
HATES PUBLICITY
FOOD FOR REFLECTION
AT THE SHOW
HE HAD HIS CHANCE, BUT
ON DANGEROUS GROUND
A RED HERRING
THROWN TO THE WINDS
EVERY DAY

Free Help for Everybody.

"I HAVE no hesitation in saying that *Bullets Bulletin* has helped me up the ladder," says Mr. G. Gilliam, 3, Quakers Lane, Potters Bar, who recently won a JOHN BULL cheque for £25, his first cash prize.

Many recent First Prize-winners have attributed their success to the advice given in the *Bulletin*—it will help you also.

In addition to offering a Gift *Bullets* Fountain Pen to regular readers, *Bullets Bulletin* keeps you in touch with the prize-winners, tells you how they won and increases your ability to frame successful efforts.

It shows you winning coupons, gives you the latest news from Long Acre, provides a smile or two and breathes the *Bullets* atmosphere.

A free specimen copy can be obtained by sending your name and address on a penny postcard. Your better plan, however, is to use the special coupon at the bottom of the next column and so make sure of this weekly gold-mine of *Bullets* information.

"Examples" for "Bullets" No. 778.

(Not to be used for present contest.)

Breaking The Fetters—Helping Ramsay—Seldom Lacking—Travellers—As Things Are—Politicians Say—One Consolation—Silent Tribute—Appetite For Work—In The World To-day—Lady Of Leisure—Getting Behind—Far More—Falling Leaves—Must Be Nice—Through Her Tears—On The Platform—The Boys—Cast Aside—With A Light Heart—A Hot Time—Soaring To Success—A Money-grabber—Against The Tide—Better Man—Everybody's Business—Cunningly—Office Comedian—Up To The Moment—Repairing The Damage—To The Last—With A Squeeze—Ideal—Dark Days—State of Matrimony—Shirking—Not To Be Found—Once In A Lifetime—Must Go—Cupid Came Along And
(Closing Saturday, October 23.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" prizes in Competition No. 777 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £450 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 773 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Newland, Station Road, Clacton-on-Sea.

The result of Competition No. 774 ("Bullets" £2,000 Offer) will appear in our next issue.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their relatives are not eligible to compete.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 11

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(777) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 6d.

Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 11

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(777) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 6d.

Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 11

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(777) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 11

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(777) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper. Address Entries: "Bullets" No. 777, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "and Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

Do not send this coupon with your *Bullets* entry.

NAME.....

ADDRESS

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS, LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2

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THREE WEEK PENSION

MUST BE WON NEXT WEEK

From Frozen North to Sunny South!



It never varies

In heat or cold, Gibbs Shaving Cream comes out of the tube in the same perfect creamy consistency. That's but one of the rare virtues of this uncommonly good British Shaving Cream. A cream that multiplies itself 200 times in a creamy bubble lather—stays moist—instantly breaks down the resistance of the stiffest beard—makes easy work for the razor. And there's delicious Cold Cream in it that leaves the skin soothed, soft and refreshed, as from a Cold Cream Massage.

**WRITE FOR
FREE TRIAL TUBE
AND STICK**

Send 3d. in stamps for generous samples and enjoy 14 days' perfect shaving. D. & W. Gibbs Ltd. (Dept. 187V), London, E.1

From your Chemist:

Gibbs Shaving Cream . . . 1/6 & 1/6
Gibbs Wooden Shaving Bowl . . . 1/6 & 2/6
Refills 1/6
In handsome black Bakelite containers
Gibbs Shaving Stick 1/3 Refills 10d.
Gibbs Shaving Bowl 2/6

Shaving Cream

THE CREAM OF SHAVES

£650

Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 81. In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following nine competitors, who share the £600 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £66 13s. 4d. will be despatched:—

W. Bennett, 101, Havant Road, North End, Portsmouth.
A. Bratt, 11, Minton Street, Oldham.
J. Kirk, Broom Ancrum, Roxburghshire.
S. H. Mart, Farriers' Hall, Berkhamsted, Herts.
R. Mounsey, 4, Station Street, Atherstone, Warwickshire.
M. A. Moxey, 46, Queen Street, Cheltenham.
Miss C. Priest, 7P, Peabody Avenue, Ebury Bridge, S.W.1.
J. T. Siddall, 33, Ashfield Road, Hasland, Chesterfield.
D. F. Ward, 106, Llanfair Road, Cardiff.

Solutions containing one error each were received from 150 competitors, who share the additional £50, each receiving 6s. 8d., and these have been notified. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.

Another £600 Crossword appears on page 36. Try your skill now.

INDIGESTION & CONSTIPATION cause SELF-POISONING but **CICFA** brings RESTORED HEALTH

No one can measure the evil wrought by that scourge of civilisation — CONSTIPATION — the result of Bowel Indigestion. It pollutes the blood stream, undermines the general health, and produces that depressing feeling of "never being fit."

Medical men have given the name of auto-intoxication (which means simply "self-poisoning") to the condition which follows neglect of Constipation.

FOOD STAGNATION

Digestion is a joint function of both Stomach and Bowel. Usually Indigestion begins in the Stomach, and is generally due to an insufficient supply of the necessary digestive ferments. When the undigested food enters the upper part of the Bowel, the trouble increases, because, not being in the right state for the Bowel to deal with, it forms into small hard lumps, known as "starch balls." Frequently these "starch balls" remain in the Bowel for days, and this undigested food is the source of the acids and poisons which work such havoc throughout the system. These poisons give rise to severe headaches, irritability, bad complexion, the feeling of "never being fit," etc. Further, these acids lodge in the joints and deep-seated muscles, and in time lead to Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, etc.

PURGING IS USELESS

Purging gives temporary relief by forcibly removing the Bowel contents, but does nothing whatever to REMOVE THE CAUSE of the trouble, and is generally followed by more acute Constipation.

DUAL ACTION OF CICFA

Now, consider how Cicfa remedies this state of affairs. This famous medicine has a unique two-fold action (1) it gives speedy relief, and (2) it supplies in ideal form the necessary digestive ferments to supplement and stimulate the natural digestive juices.

By promoting easy and complete digestion, Cicfa relieves the strain on the whole of the digestive system, so that it is gradually assisted to normal health and strength. Constipation is prevented, and consequently "self-poisoning" ceases, with the result that there is a great improvement in the general health, and the former sufferer feels a "new being."

YOUR CASE IS NOT DIFFERENT

Do not deceive yourself that your case is "different." If you have been tortured for years do not delay because you feel discouraged. If you have just suffered from your first attack conquer it with Cicfa before Indigestion becomes chronic. In hundreds of instances—as our testimonials prove—Cicfa has succeeded where other means have failed.

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**10
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